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'ONE SWEETLY SOLEMN THOUGHT COMES TO ME O'ER AND O'ER.'

Nearer Home.

One sweetly solemn thought
  Comes to me o'er and o'er;
I am nearer home to-day,
  Than I ever have been before;

Nearer my Father's house,
  Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne,
  Nearer the crystal sea;

Nearer the bound of life,
  Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross,
  Nearer gaining the crown!

But lying darkly between,
  Winding down through the night,
Is the silent, unknown stream
  That leads at last to the light,

Oh, if my mortal feet,
  Have almost gained the brink;
If it be I am nearer home
  Even to-day than I think—

Father, perfect my trust;
  Let my spirit feel in death
That my feet are firmly set
  On the rock of a living faith!

—Phoebe Cary.

The Sabbath.

(The Rev. Isaac Hyatt, in the 'Morning Star.')

The Sabbath is a beautiful day. It brings to our hearts the sweetest joys of earth. It is an emblem of heaven. It is a memorial day, suggesting the most precious memories clustering about the history of the human race. It recalls the wonderful acts of creation, when the Lord Almighty formed the earth, with its beautiful rivers, towering mountains, pleasant valleys, and grand oceans, and set the sun, moon, and stars in their appointed places. It recalls the crowning act of God's love in the gift, death, and resurrection of Jesus Christ. It is the Lord's day. He has sanctioned it and set his seal upon it. Hence it has flowed through the ages like a river of life.

The Scriptures, history, and geography throw around the Sabbath the beams of their united light, showing that it was instituted at the creation of the world as a day for rest, doing good, and divine worship. Biology attests that man needs such a day, and concedes to it sanitary power. Mental philosophy acknowledges it as an incentive adapted to man's intellectual improvement. The history of Christianity proclaims it to be a help to man as a moral and religious being. Ethics and law teach that it is necessary to ameliorate the condition of society. Certainly all these evidences should convince us that the Sabbath is a divine institution.

All days are adapted to the needs of the various animals that inhabit the earth, but this day is adapted to man in his higher, intellectual, moral, and spiritual nature. Verily, we should praise God that the year has these fifty-two springs from which we may draw and drink the water of life. All through the Bible great stress is laid upon its proper observance. In some of the mines of Pennsylvania mules are worked. On Sabbath they are brought up into the light of the Christian Sabbath, not only to be kept from going blind, but that we may see; for many of us are blind now. We do not see the excellence of the Bible, the preciousness of Christ, or the value of the soul. We are so blind that we reckon the things of time of greater importance than those of eternity. Now the Christian Sabbath is the great luminary of God, shining upon the earth one day in seven, that this darkness may be dispelled, thus enabling us to see things as they are. Happy for us if we walk in its light.

But let us be careful not to worship the Sabbath day, but use it to help us to rest, do good, and worship our Creator. Since the resurrection of Christ the first day of the week has been kept as the Christian sabbath. Since it is a fact that it is impossible without an inspired almanac to tell just what twenty-four hours of the week correspond to the original Sabbath, is it not unreasonable to suppose our Creator would make our present and future happiness depend upon our doing what it is impossible for us to know how to do? All that nature and the Bible require is that

one-seventh of our time in regular order be set apart for sabbatical uses.

Candidly we must admit that circumstances may render it necessary to work on the Sabbath day. If our house takes fire on the Sabbath we ought to put it out if we can. If our child or our neighbor's is sick it is our duty with loving hearts and kind hands to render the ministration needed. So Christ taught. But the alarming fact is, society has become so worldly, such lovers of pleasure, so intent on amassing wealth, so corrupt and irreverent, that this liberty is interpreted to mean we may do whatever is for our pleasure or profit. So the farmer justifies himself for sleeping Sunday because he is too tired to attend church; the visit and 'Sunday dinner' are planned because there is not time for them during the week; and for similar reasons the 'Sunday excursion' has its patrons and our 'Sunday letters' are written.

As society now is, the most potent force to bring about a proper observance of the Lord's day is a correct example seasoned by the spirit of Christ. This is forcibly illustrated by the example of one of a large company of conductors who were on an excursion to a Southern city. They arrived in the city Saturday night. Arrangements had been made to take an attractive trip the next day. In the morning this gentleman was noticed to be arranging his attire with more than usual care. A friend said to him, 'Of course you are going with us on the excursion.' 'No,' he replied, 'I am going to church; that is my habit on Sunday.' Another questioner was answered substantially in the same way. Soon comment and discussion followed. When this conscientious man, who had the courage of his convictions, started for the place of worship there were one hundred and fifty men to join him. In his inoffensive yet decisive way he honored the Lord's day and rendered it a great blessing to others. So every Christian in a Christlike way should give the people to understand that he keeps the Sabbath day.

Our observing the Sabbath is not religion, but religion soon ceases to exist where the Sabbath is not observed. The Rev. Dr. James Brand says, 'I hold the following propositions to be absolutely true: (1) You cannot have a Christian civilization with Christ and his precepts left out; (2) you cannot have Christ in our civilization without the Christian church; and (3) you cannot maintain the Christian church without the Christian Sunday. There is precisely the same reason for maintaining the Christian observance of the Sabbath on patriotic grounds that there is for the preaching of the gospel itself.'

It is said that the Christians in Corea, when Sabbath comes, place in a conspicuous position over their houses their little Corean white flags. These banners show just where Christians live who honor the Lord's day. It is a beautiful custom. That wonderful man, Gen. Gordon, often called 'Chinese Gordon,' at the morning hour of his private devotions placed a white flag just outside his tent. Everyone in his army knew he was not to be disturbed until it was removed and taken in. So the child of God should let all know wherever he tents that the Sabbath is the Lord's day and should be kept holy.

Brakes are used to keep the train from moving too fast and to bring it to a standstill when desired. So the Sabbath is designed to keep the world from moving too fast in its worldly and selfish tendencies, and bring it to a standstill one day in seven, that it may listen attentively to what God has to say, and render to him the worship that is his due.

While the general desecration of the Sabbath is appalling, there is much to encourage us to do our duty. Certainly the signal victory achieved in England in removing the Sunday newspapers should greatly cheer us on in our endeavors to secure the proper observance and sanctity of the Christian Sabbath.

Acknowledgments.

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What a Few Ministers are Saying.

REV. DR POTTS,
Department of Education of the Methodist Church, Toronto.

I am sure that the influence of the 'Witness' in the future, as in the past, shall be emphatically on the side of temperance, morality, and religion.

REV. J. McG. MACKAY.
New Glasgow, N.S.

The hope of the Dominion rises as the readers of the 'Witness' multiply.

THE REV. JOSEPH H BROWNELL,
Little Shemogue, N.B.

May the 'Witness' continue to stand for purity in the national life, for a healthy public conscience and an upright Christian life.

REV. G. R. LANG
Minister Presbyterian Church, Olds, Alta.,

The 'Witness' is a powerful influence on the side of all that is good. It is a daily visitor in my own home out here in the far west.

REV. PROFESSOR JOHN MACKAY.
Pastor of one of Montreal's largest Presbyterian Churches.

The Montreal 'Witness has won the admiration of the world.

REV. J. A. GORDON.
Pastor of the First Baptist Church, Montreal.

The history of the "Witness' for sixty years has been clean, clear and courageous.

REV. G. OSBORNE TROOP.

The relation between the "Witness' newspaper and its readers is close and sacred, and eternity alone will reveal the extent of its influence for righteousness in the family and in the State.

REV. ROBERT JOHNSTON, D.D.

I know of no single agency that has done more than the 'Witness' has done in developing the things that are most worth living for in our Canadian life; in this respect it has made the nation its debtor.

REV. C. W. GORDON.
(Ralph Connor, of 'Sky Pilot' fame). Winnipeg, Manitoba.

The 'Witness,' by reason of its detachment from party lines and its freedom from party exigencies, has been able to exert an influence which no politician has found it wise to ignore.

What Do You Think Of It?

What avails such opinion unless you also have become a subscriber? The following coupon will help you. We want five thousand new subscribers to send their subscriptions during February.

Jubilee Coupon Offer.

Good if used within ten days of receipt of this issue.

THE 'WITNESS' ON TRIAL TO JAN. 1st, 1907,

for only **50** cents.

Any reader of the 'Messenger' who has never before taken the 'Daily' or 'Weekly Witness,' may have the **'WEEKLY WITNESS and CANADIAN HOMESTEAD'** to January 1st, 1907. by cutting out this Coupon and sending it with Fifty Cents addressed to

Messrs. JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, 'Witness' Building, Montreal.
Dear Sirs—As a reader of the 'Messenger,' who has neither taken the 'Daily' or 'Weekly Witness,' before, nor have I had with others who did take it during the last two years, I am entitled to your trial offer of the 'Weekly Witness' and Canadian Homestead, to January 1st, 1907, at the Special Rate of 50 cents enclosed herewith.

NAME .....

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The Hidden Ring.

A silver egg was once presented to a Saxon princess. On opeing the silver shell by a secret spring there was found a yolk of gold. The spring of the gold being found and pressed, it flew open and disclosed a beautiful bird.

On pressing the wings of the bird, in its breast was found a crown, jewelled and radiant. And even within the crown, upheld by a spring like the rest, was a ring of diamonds which fitted the finger of the princess herself.

Oh, how many a promise there is within a promise in the Scripture, the silver round the gold, the gold round the jewels; yet how few of God's children ever finds their way far enough among the springs to discover the crown of his rejoicing or the ring of his covenant of peace!—Mr. D. L. Moody.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Rasmus, or the Making of a Man.

(By Julia McNair Wright.)

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CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

'And I'm going that very way myself, and I'd like to join you, till we get tired of each other,' said the little man.

'Two's company,' said Rasmus, looking rather suspicious.

The little man made no reply; he retired behind the boxes, and presently reappeared. He held out his hand. 'What's that?'

'Nothin' but a little red ant,' said Rasmus.

The little man seemed to cage the little ant, and then handed the cage to Rasmus. 'What's that?'

'O fury! I do declare! ain't he big! Is that him? Why, that's witchcraft, dad, and you must be in league with the Wicked One; you've turned him into a raging lion. O look at his jaws, and his feet, and his hairs;'

'That's a microscope,' said Rodney sedately.

The little man took back his instrument, and returned it in a moment.

'What is that?'

'Welwet, and jewelry, and feathers, and gold-dust,' said Rasmus in ecstasy.

'It is a bit of a butterfly's wing. This is spider-web.'

'I went through the silk-mills once,' said Rasmus; 'they ain't to be named along with that there spider's work.'

The little man went up to his state-room, and when he came back with a case of black wood, brass, and glass, he set it under the eye of Rasmus.

'Land!' shouted Rasmus, 'if there ain't tearin' fish, and crocodiles, and alligators and snakes, what's that?'

'Something that you drink,' said the little man.

'I don't drink it,' retorted Rasmus. 'It's brandy, sure, for it looks just like 'lirium trembles let loose.'

'It is not brandy. It is water out of this river.'

'If I ever!' cried Rasmus. 'But I don't drink this water if I can help it; dirty stuff in flood time, sure. But I've seen water sparklin' up out of a deep well, cold as ice, and clear as diamonds; and I've see springs tricklin' out of a rock, or out of a hollow like a moss cup, would make your heart glad only to look at 'em, they didn't have these wild beasts in 'em.'

'Not so many, but all some.'

'Well, I don't care,' said Rasmus, after meditation, 'My back is up. I ain't going to hate water, for all you may say.'

'I don't want you to hate it. I will explain all these things to you some day.'

'If such raging demons is in water, what's in beer and gin and rum?' demanded Rasmus.

'I'll show you sometime from beginning to end.'

'Say, boss, if we travels in company, will you take that witchcraft along with you, and let me look at it?'

'With pleasure. I will show you that little simple beetles carry files and saws and pocket-knives, rolled up tight as a round watch-spring, and inside of flowers I will show you a hundred things that you never dreamed were in them. You have, it seems, observed much of the birds, flowers, insects, along the way; you can tell me much that I do not know of their habits, perhaps, and I certainly can tell you much that you don't know about what they are. We will travel well together.'

'The boy must have his say,' said Rasmus, 'we're pardners.'

'Im agreed,' said Rodney.

'But, boss, you're kind of a high-flier, maybe, and me and the boy are not high-fliers. We're not flush of money. We can't go to hotels. We've got to take it poor.'

'I'm poor myself,' said the little man. 'I travel round, in my observation-making, in the humblest way, for I am saving all the money I possibly can, to get out a great book on what I discover, and it costs a deal of money to have colored plates of flowers and insects made and printed. Still, to make such a book and leave it to the world, will be worth what I deny myself for it.'

'After all,' said Rasmus, 'if we find we don't agree, we can part, and that's better than married folks has it.'

'Or worse,' said the little man, 'for knowing that one can quarrel and part, may put a premium on altercation.'

'You talk too much dictionary for me,' said Rasmus resignedly; 'however, I'll put up with it, boss, and I may catch some crumbs of your conversation, suited to the size of my mouth.'

'And as you are fond of learning, and mean to have an education,' said the little man to Rodney, 'I may make the time we pass along the road useful to you. You were speaking of Greek and Latin.'

'Wot's them, agin?' demanded Rasmus.

'Why, languages; foreign languages,' said Rodney; 'people don't all talk the same language, you know.'

'No more they don't,' said Rasmus; 'I've heard 'em. I've heard men along the road talking a lingo I couldn't understand, nor no other sensible man couldn't. Italian they called it; blame nonsense, that's what it was, sure as I'm alive.'

Rodney laughed. 'Pshaw! it was as good talk for them, as ours is for us; but Italian, French, and so on, are not like Greek and Latin. Greek and Latin are dead languages.'

'I don't take stock in dead things, myself,' said Rasmus.

Such a thick fog came up that they were obliged to go into the cabin to keep from being drenched by the penetrating, insidious dampness, and the steamer could not proceed. When Rodney woke next morning, the boat was still climbing the yellow current. However, soon after breakfast, Pittsburg's canopy of black smoke proclaimed the end of the boat trip. There was a rush and a bustle. The boat was a gallant sight. The sun smote the great gilt eagle hanging between the fancy-topped chimneys, and the kindred bird, wide-winged, above the pilot-house; the flag floated in splendid waves of color from the jack-staff; great volumes of smoke belched from the chimney, and rolled south-west in a dun plume; the furnace doors were open, and the red fires roared and glared; the crew shouted and crowded, and unhappily swore on the forecastle; a deck-hand stood poised with a great coil of rope to fling on the wharf; the bell rang, the whistle screamed lustily; the passengers in gala dress of hats, shawls, and cloaks, were ready to rush over the gang-planks; the wheel churned the dirty water into snow-clean foam; the steamer backed lunged forward, and settled to her place; the gang-plank grated against the wharf; the hack-drivers and carmen rushed like eager friends to greet the stream of passengers; wheels grated, boys shouted, peddlers screamed, and almost alone on the hurricane deck stood Rodney, Rasmus, and the little man.

CHAPTER V.

ALONG THE ROAD.

'I take the land to my breast
In her coat with daisies fine;
For me the hills are best,
And all that is made is mine.'

'Now brother,' said Rasmus to Rodney, 'we must get our grip-sacks ready and start on our trip. It's about as good a day as ever I see for travelling.'

They went into the state-room, and Rasmus packed all his possessions tightly into the carpet-bag, and dressed himself for the road. 'These high-flyin' trousers will be my style for New York,' he remarked; 'the suit I got from our house takes my idee for the road.' And sure enough the redoubtable Rasmus made a fair figure for travelling.

The vest and trousers that had been Mr. Andrews', were of heavy green tartan plaid, narrow lines of red, yellow, and blue marking off the squares; his shoes were low and wide, his hat a stiff-felt helmet, his coat a dark green flannel sack with various large pockets. He had bought from a deck-passenger two stout oak sticks or canes, and on one of these he carried his bag slung over his shoulder, the other he gave to Rodney.

'Let's look at your loadin', brother,' said Rasmus to the boy; 'you must go light, if you are makin' a long trip, an' if your things ain't neat packed they'll spoil, and not carry so easy, neither.'

Rodney emptied into the lower berth rather a promiscuous collection of goods, and Rasmus with great neatness began folding up shirts, kerchiefs, socks, and under-clothing. 'Another suit wouldn't have hurt you, brother, or a pair of breeches, at the least.'

'These are nearly new; they'll last till I get there,' said Rodney, unconscious of the length of the journey.

Rasmus shook his head, but prudently refrained from alarming the young traveller. 'What books is these?' he demanded, seizing two.

'That one is my Bible.'

'Books is heavy, pardner, and readin' ain't necessary on the road. Couldn't you get another like it some day?'

'I could, but I won't,' said Rodney. 'I sha'n't throw away my Bible—and besides, it was my mother's.'

'If it was your mother's, in course you'll keep it. I wish I had something of my mother's, poor soul. Now this 'ere book ain't your Bible too, is it?'

'No. It's a "Pilgrim's Progress."'

'What's that agin?'

'Well, it's a story—all about a man that went travelling.'

'Took the steam-cars like other fools I s'pose?'

'No, he walked ever so far.'

'That showed his sense. I wouldn't mind hearin' about him some day,' said Rasmus, turning the leaves curiously.

'Here's a picter. What's this on his back? I vow if it ain't his plunder, all done up mighty keerless. I could show him how to pack better than that! There, now, the duds is all in, and they're not too heavy. If I see you getting tired, I'll carry your truck 'long with mine. I wonder if dad is ready?'

'See here, you ought not to call him dad.'

'Why not?'

'Well, he isn't old enough to be your dad.'

'Yes, he is—just about. I'm twenty-six, and I reckon him up at fifty; he'd do me very well for a dad, and you too.'

'Well, he is not, and it is not a polite way to call him, nor boss, either. Boss means somebody who has men under them for work.'

'S'pose I try "Guv'nor," or "Yours Respectfully,"' said Rasmus. 'Any thing to make your mind easy!'

'That won't do. Let's call him professor.'

'What's a professor?'

'A man that knows a great deal, and studies, and teaches people what he knows—he said he'd teach us.'

'All right, if so be I can twist my tongue to it—Professor.'

They went into the main saloon, and found the little man with his property spread out on a large table. A small knapsack was so neatly packed with indispensable articles as to call forth the warm admiration of Rasmus.

'Here's too much baggage,' he added, coolly picking up a flat Japanese box, but finding it very light. The little man opened it; it was a case for carrying his specimens of flowers, beetles, and butterflies. In a leather bag, arranged with a strap to hang over his hip, he had chloroform, entomological pins, some square white cards, two note-books of very thin paper, two other books, and his microscope reduced to its smallest compass, also a very small case of very fine and sharp steel instruments. In his breast-pocket he had two little red books, his small microscope, a knife and pencil, also a pen with ink in the handle, which aroused all Rodney's admiration. His outfit was completed by two nets for catching beetles and butterflies, and a stout walking-stick.

'Well, dad—no—what's the title, pardner? Per—yes, Perfesser, you've got a grist of things in a small sibe; I couldn't pack better myself,' said Rasmus, amiably, 'and you look mighty proper too. Corduroy is high

style for the road. I always thought I'd like it myself, but I never could wind up to earning a suit of it.'

'Come, now,' said the naturalist, 'we are ready for a start.'

'You've got to find the captain, Rasmus,' said Rodney, 'and thank him for taking us aboard, and bringing us up here.'

'So we have! You're the right sort, pard, to think of that. We'll see him and the rest of 'em down below. I just had a view of their heads going down-stairs.'

Rodney walked up to the little group of officers, and held out his hand with grace. 'You have been very kind to us,' he said, 'and we thank you for it.'

'That's all right—you're welcome,' said the captain. 'You are as nice a boy as ever I saw in my life. Going to friends in New York, eh?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Going to foot it? That's pretty rough for you. We could make up the amount of your tickets in a few minutes.'

'No, no,' said Rodney, averse to charity.

'We prefers walking; it's safer and pleasanter,' said Rasmus.

The captain eyed him for a minute or two, then took Rodney aside.

'That's a nice, jolly, honest fellow; but he looks over-well used to the roads. Now, my lad, for people that like land, and don't mind walking, a trip across country may be a fairly good thing; but to get in love with rambling, to take to idling from place to place, sleeping where you can, and picking up your meals where any one will give them to you, is the worst kind of life one can lead, unless it is joining a thieves' band, and it often leads to that. Tramps are a curse of our country. They are like an army of locusts brown from East to West and back, and no good to any one. I've heard of people so falling in love with gypsy ways that they left civilized business and took to roaming round with the vans; but it is ruin and nothing better. Go to New York, if you are going, but don't get bamboozled into drifting along the roads.'

'Why, of course not, sir. I'm going to go to college as fast as I can, and the journey won't take so long, and I shall pay for whatever I have. I've got five dollars.'

'Is Mr. Llewellyn going with you?'

'Who, sir? The little man in corduroy? Yes, sir.'

'Then you're all right. I've known him this good while. He'll make the time profitable to you, and see you don't get led off. You stick to Llewellyn.'

Rodney shook hands with the captain and rejoined his comrades. Instinctively he placed himself beside Mr. Llewllyn. It had not before occurred to him that Rasmus was a tramp. He had heard tramps only spoken of with aversion and condemnation, as idle, dirty, profane, thievish, and drunken. Rasmus had seemed moral, if ignorant, and brave, if poor. Also he had a reserve of humane and tender feeling, and of nature-loving, which had attracted Rodney. But now the captain suggested that Rasmus belonged to the genus tramp, and would lead him astray; would stamp his status while he was with him. Rodney could not accommodate himself to these ideas, and he preferred for the present to cleave to the naturalist. Rasmus on his part was so glad to find his feet on dry ground, and his locomotion under his own control that he did not notice Rodney's sudden coolness. He was in the habit of walking alone, and if he had companions in sight that was enough for him. His step rang along the pavement, and his whistle high and clear caused the passers-by to turn their heads as in envy of one who seemed so happy.

'Brother,' he cried to Rodney, 'you remember our advertize.'

'Yes,' said Rodney, checking himself, and asked Mr. Llewellyn if he knew where was the office of the largest paper. 'Rasmus has lost his little brother, and wants to find him.'

(To be continued.)

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Feb. it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

From a Poet and a Preacher.

How bright soe'er the prospect seems,
All thoughts of friendship are but dreams,
If envy chance to creep in;
An envious man if you succeed,
May prove a dangerous foe, indeed,
But not a friend worth keeping.

As envy pines of good possessed,
So jealousy looks forth distressed,
On good that seems approaching;
And, if success his steps attend,
Discerns a rival in a friend,
And hates him for encroaching.

—Cowper.

A Cup of Cold Water.

(Jessie Donisthorpe, in the 'Irish Temperance League Journal.')

'Mother, mother,' wailed a childish voice out of the semi-darkness of a court-yard attic, in one of the poorest districts of the large manufacturing town of Leicester.

In an instant a small figure rose quickly from a broken chair near the one tiny window the room contained, and crossed over to the corner from whence the voice came.

'Mother won't be long now, Chris,' the child said, bending over the wooden box which did duty as bedstead, and smothing back the soft curls from the flushed little face upon the clean but ragged pillow.

'I does want mother, and it's so dark,' said the small invalid wearily.

'Well, dear, I'll sit by you and hold your hand till mother comes, for I don't want to light up yet, as we've only got half a 'dip' left, and I'm not sure whether mother will bring any more with her, and perhaps she'll want to help me with the washing to-night.'

'Never mind, Nell, it's not so dark if you're near me; but I does want a tale; will you tell me one?'

'Yes, darling,' said the small maiden, as she sat down on the floor close by the bed, and took the wee, white hand in her brown one.

The story told, to which Christ listened so attentively, was one of the fascinating Old Testament stories she had recently heard in the neighboring Sunday-school, at which she was a regular attendant. So interested did the children become in each other that neither heard a gentle knock, and it was not until the door was partly opened that their attention was attracted; then they saw a kindly-looking young woman standing on the threshold, dressed in clothes which Nell recognized as a nurse's. Instantly she sprang to her feet, with a startled look upon her face, and stood waiting for the unexpected visitor to speak.

'Can you tell me if I have come to the right place to find Nell and Chris Reynolds?' asked a sweet voice.

'Yes,' replied Nell, clasping her hands in sudden fear; 'have you come to tell us something bad about mother?'

'What should make you think so?' said the stranger, coming into the room and endeavoring with her eyes to penetrate the dark corner where the little girl stood.

'I don't know, only we're expecting mother home, and she hasn't come, and I know your a nurse by your dress, and belongs to the 'Firmary,' Nell answered breathlessly.

'Well, little lassie, can you give me a light that I may see your faces, and then I will tell you why I have come instead of mother,' the nurse replied in cheery tones.

Nell reached and lighted the half 'dip' with trembling fingers, and brought the bottle, which served for a candlestick, towards the bed.

The nurse glanced at the bonnie girl-face revealed by the faint light of the poor bit of candle, and the next instant she stifled an exclamation of surprise as her eyes rested on the little invalid. A pair of large, lustrous, hazel eyes in a small flushed face, surrounded with a halo of golden-brown curls, was what she saw, and yielding to her impulse, she gathered the tiny, frail form into her arms, and pressed a kiss upon the boy's white forehead.

'And so you think I have come to tell you something about mother, do you?' she said, drawing the still trembling girl to her side; 'you are quite right, dear, but it is nothing to frighten you; she has met with a tiresome accident, but she is not ill. As she was crossing over Oxford street a rough boy ran into her with his truck and knocked her down right against the curb-stone, and when she tried to get up again she found she could not; fortunately I was a witness of it all, and when I discovered that her leg was hurt I had her carried into the Infirmary. This was about an hour since, and now she is lying very cosily in St. Martha's Ward; I found out she had two dear children over whom she was feeling very anxious, so, having a short time off duty this evening, I said I would come and tell you all about it, and also that to-morrow morning, any time after ten o'clock, you, Nell, may come and see for yourself how comfortable she is. She will not be able to come home just yet because of her injured leg, but isn't it nice to think she is not dangerously hurt, and will be quite well again by and by? We are going to take great care of her and nurse her up well, so that she may get ever so strong; she told me what a dear, brave sister there was at home to look after her little invalid Chris.'

All this the nurse said quietly, and without pausing, in order to allow time for poor Nell's tears to flow, that she might be relieved thereby

Wee Chris did not seem to understand what it all meant, as he kept glancing from his sister's tearful face to the sweet one above him, which, to his child-mind, seemed to belong to one of the angels of whom Nell so often told him stories.

By and by the little girl grew calmer, and then the nurse began to make plans with her as to what she and Chris were to do during the next few days. She did not tell the children how terribly pained she was to see how poor they were; the tidy, clean appearance of their mother, and the proud way in which she had spoken of her children at home, had not prepared her for this; she was, however, inwardly meditating on what it would be possible to do to bring comfort to the poverty-stricken family, and above all as to how the lovely little invalid might yet be saved from a premature death.

She thought she saw her way in this direction pretty plainly; a place should be found for him in the beautiful Children's Hospital, which was the embodiment of a noble thought and had recently been opened by Royal hands, where little sufferers were tended with the gentlest care, and, if possible, were nursed back to health and strength with a love almost akin to the tenderest mother's.

Before saying good-night to the two children, the kind-hearted young woman sent Nell off with money to buy food for herself and little Chris, including a pint of new milk, and during her absence she lighted a tiny fire, at sight of which the little girl's eyes danced with pleasure, as, on her return, they encountered the cheerful glow; but the next instant she grew grave again as she said quietly, 'We don't begin with fires until the real winter comes, and we haven't any more coal than those few bits.'

The nurse's eyes grew moist as she replied with a smile, 'Never mind, dearie, you shall have a whole bag full to-morrow, and poor, wee Chris was so cold; besides I wanted to warm some of that nice milk for you both before I go back again.'

Nell's face brightened again as she reached a saucepan for her friend's use.

It rejoiced and yet saddened the kind heart of this, God's ministering angel, to see how the poor mites enjoyed their supper, and, despite its simplicity, discussed its unusual merits. After it was over, and the remainder of the food put away for to-morrow's requirements, the nurse saw Nell tucked up into the floor-bed she usually occupied with her mother, and having put out the remaining spark of fire for safety's sake, she kissed them both and went away, promising to come and see them again the next time she was off duty.

Having still a little longer time at her own disposal before going into the ward, she sought an interview with the House-Surgeon, a kind-hearted man with a somewhat stern exterior, and told him much of what she had gathered from her visit and the innocent prattle of the children, of their sad and needy circumstances, dwelling more particularly upon the sweet boy-invalid, who was evidently dying as much from starvation and lack of fresh air as from any actual complaint. The doctor's face softened as she told her story persuasively, and when she paused for his reply he said with feeling:—

'The boy shall be admitted into the hospital to-morrow, nurse; I will speak this night about him to the matron when she returns, for she is out now, and I will also make a special note of the woman's case, for her future benefit, I trust. Good-night!'

As the nurse, returning his salute, left his sanctum the stern-faced doctor found himself repeating a couplet he had been impressed with somewhere—was it in Elizabeth Barrett-Browning's works or Adelaide Proctor's? he could not tell; but its rythm made music for him during the next hour: it was this 'Better far than all, To be on earth a Poem of God's own making!'

The Poem passed on her way, wholly unconscious that she was such, greatly rejoicing in the fact that her night's work lay in St. Martha's Ward, where a share would fall to her of the nursing required by the 'fresh case.'

She took an early opportunity of gladdening the mother's heart about her children's present comfort and safety, and with bright hopes for her wee Chris's future well-being.

Tears of gratitude coursed down the young widow's face, as she lifted the nurse's hand to her lips and kissed it; then, worn out with the excitement, anxiety and pain she had been passing through, she closed her eyes wearily and fell asleep to dream of herself being able to work again, and of her dear, patient, little laddie—with the eyes of the brave husband whose body lay beneath the sad sea-waves, but whose soul was with God—once more well and strong as in the days when they lived in the country, and able to run about and play as did other children.

* * * * * * * *

In time her dreams were more than realized; this fact being largely due to the kind-hearted and stern-faced doctor, who quickly found himself almost as deeply interested in the brave, young widow and her two sweet, refined children as the nurse had been. Her broken leg took the usual time to heal, but meanwhile she was cheered and made unspeakably grateful by the knowledge that her boy was daily gaining health and strength under the wise and loving treatment he was receiving in the adjoining hospital.

Neither had she any anxiety on Nell's account, during their enforced separation, for a kind lady-visitor to the Infirmary, a personal friend of the head doctor's, hearing and being deeply touched by the widow's pathetic story, told to her in a truly sympathetic manner by her friend, had taken the little girl to her own home until the mother should be recovered.

When the widow was well enough to leave the Infirmary, she was conducted to a couple of more healthily-located rooms, which had been chosen for her by the same kind friend, who had also paid the landlord a month's rent in advance, in order that the grateful convalescent might again take up her burden of life unhampered by immediate pressing care.

As she passed out from the Infirmary she carried with her the knowledge that, so soon as ever she was quite strong enough to resume her usual, and hitherto most uncertain, means of livelihood—charing and washing—employment should be found for her on two days every week in the hospital, doing work, as she delightedly told her employers, which would occasionally take her into the very ward in which she had been nursed with so much kindness, and had realized, as she had never done before, how good is the Heavenly Father to the widow and orphans whose trust, however faltering, is put in Him.

That evening, as she took her newly-recovered laddie upon her knee, and bid Nell bring her her husband's Bible—out of which she always read a few verses to the children before they went to sleep—she chose the brief but beautiful passage in which Christ promises a blessing to all those who do but dispense a cup of cold water in his Name, and having read and explained that to the attentive children, the happy family knelt to pray that a rich blessing might indeed be given to those, their kind friends, who had so faithfully and lovingly been winning for themselves the Saviour's benediction, 'Ye have done it unto me.'

God estimates us not by the position we are in, but by the way in which we fill it.—Edwards.

Christ's Favorite Word.

The Master's word is 'Come!'
It is His favorite word;
And many hearing it afar,
Rise up to meet their Lord.
Right happy they who leave
Their crooked ways and dim,
For He makes glad, where'er they go,
Those whom He takes with Him.

Therefore, reply to Him
'Dear Lord, I come to Thee';
Walk thou with Him through all life's ways
And thus His glory see;
His hear is full of love,
His word is 'Come,' not 'Go.'
Oh, child of His, heed thou His call,
And perfect comfort know.

—Marianne Farningham.

Friends We Outgrow.

The other day a lady, doing now a noble work as a teacher, said that only that morning she had come upon a book which was given her on the day of her graduation from the school in which she was prepared for college. She had not seen the book for more than ten years—it had been lying among unused things. She turned over the pages and found nearly every paragraph marked. As she went on she remembered that in her early college days she had read the book every day, taking its words into her very life, and now she was astonished to discover how it had influenced her. All the best things in her life and character, she said, had been inspired by the words of that volume. The book had its mission to her at a particular time in her life, and it had wrought its ministry well and then had been laid aside. In like manner all of us are influenced by certain books, which for a little while we almost live on, eating them, as it were. Then they are laid aside, left behind, never to be taken up any more. They have done their work in us and we need them no longer. Other books now bring to us other lessons and lead us in new paths.

Her Own People.

(L. M. Montgomery, in the 'American Magazine.')

The Taunton school had closed for the summer holidays. Constance Foster and Miss Channing went down the long, elm-shaded street together, as they generally did, because they happened to board in the same block down-town.

Constance was the youngest teacher on the staff, and had charge of the Primary Department. She had taught in Taunton school a year, and at its close she was as much of a stranger in the little corps of teachers as she had been at the beginning. The others thought her stiff and unapproachable; she was unpopular in a negative way with all except Miss Channing, who made it a profession to like everybody, the more so if other people disliked them. Miss Channing was the oldest teacher on the staff, and taught the fifth grade. She was short and stout and jolly; nothing, not even the iciest reserve, ever daunted Miss Channing.

'Isn't it good to think of two whole blessed months of freedom?' she said jubilantly. 'Two months to dream, to be lazy, to go where one pleases, no exercises to correct, no reports to make, no pupils to keep in order. To be sure, I love them every one, but I'll love them all the more for a bit of rest from them. Isn't it good?'

A little satirical smile crossed Constance Foster's dark, discontented face, looking just then all the more discontented in contrast to Miss Channing's rosy, beaming countenance.

'It's very good, if you have anywhere to go, or anybody who cares where you go,' she said bitterly. 'For my own part I'm sorry school is closed. I'd rather go on teaching all summer.'

'Heresy,' said Miss Channing. 'Rank heresy! What are your vacation plans?'

'I haven't any,' said Constance, wearily. 'I've put off thinking about vacation as long as I possibly could. You'll call that heresy too, Miss Channing.'

'It's worse than heresy,' said Miss Channing, briskly. 'It's a crying necessity for blue pills, that's what it is. Your whole system and moral and physical and spiritual system must be out of kilter, my child. No vacation plans! You "must" have vacation plans. You must be going "somewhere."'

'Oh, I suppose I'll hunt up a boarding place somewhere in the country, and go there and mope until September.'

'Have you no friends, Constance?'

'No—no, I haven't anybody in the world. That is why I hate vacation, that is why I've hated to hear you and the others discussing your vacation plans. You all have somebody to go to. It has just filled me up with hatred of my life.'

Miss Channing swallowed her honest horror at such a state of feeling.

'Constance, tell me about yourself. I've often wanted to ask you, but I was always a little afraid to. You seem so reserved and—as, as if you didn't want to be asked about yourself.'

'I know it. I know I'm stiff and hateful, and that nobody likes me, and that it is all my own fault. No, never mind trying to smooth it over, Miss Channing. It's the truth, and it hurts me, but I can't help it. I'm getting more bitter and pessimistic and unwholesome every day of my life. Sometimes it seems as if I hated all the world because I'm so lonely in it. I'm nobody. My mother died when I was born—and father—oh, I don't know. One can't say anything against one's father, Miss Channing. But I had a hard childhood—or rather, I didn't have any childhood at all. We were always moving about. We didn't seem to have any friends at all. My mother might have had relatives somewhere, but I never heard of any; I don't even know where her home was. Father never would talk of her. He died two years ago, and since then I've been absolutely alone.'

'Oh, you poor girl,' said Miss Channing, softly.

'I want friends,' went on Constance, seeming to take a pleasure in open confession now that her tongue was loosed. 'I've always just longed for somebody belonging to me to love. I don't love anybody, Miss Channing—and when a girl is in that state, she is all wrong. She gets hard and bitter and resentful—I have, anyway. I struggled against it at first, but it has been too much for me. It poisons everything. There is nobody to care anything about me—whether I live or die.'

'Oh, yes, there is One,' said Miss Channing, gently. 'God cares, Constance.'

Constance gave a disagreeable little laugh.

'That sounds like Miss Williams—she is so religious. God doesn't mean anything to me, Miss Channing. I've just the same resentful feeling toward him that I have for all the world, if he exists at all. There, I've shocked you in good earnest now. You should have left me alone, Miss Channing.'

'God means nothing to you because you've never had him translated to you through human love, Constance,' said Miss Channing, seriously. 'No, you haven't shocked me—at least, not the way you mean. I'm only terribly sorry.'

'Oh, never mind me,' said Constance, freezing up into her reserve again as if she regretted her confidences. 'I'll get along all right. This is one of my off days, when everything looks black.'

Miss Channing walked on in silence. She must help Constance, but Constance was not easily helped. When school re-opened, she might be able to do something worth while for the girl, but just now the only thing to do was to put her in the way of a pleasant vacation.

'You spoke of boarding,' she said, when Constance paused at the door of her boarding house. 'Have you any particular place in view? No? Well, I know a place where I am sure you would like. I was there two summers ago. It is a country place about a hundred miles from here. Pine Valley is its name. It's restful and homey, and the people are so nice. If you like, I'll give you the address of the family I boarded with.'

'Thank you, said Constance, indifferently. 'I might as well go there as anywhere else.'

'Yes, but listen to me, dear. Don't take your morbidness with you. Open your heart to the summer, and let its sunshine in, and when you come back in the fall, come prepared to let us all be your friends. We'd like to be, and while friendship doesn't take the place of the love of one's own people, still it is a

good and beautiful thing. Besides, there are other unhappy people in the world—try to help them when you meet them, and you'll have a pleasant vacation in spite of yourself.'

Constance went to Pine Valley, but she took her evil spirit with her. Not even the beauty of the valley, with its great balmy pines, and the cheerful friendliness of its people could exorcise it.

Nevertheless, she liked the place, and found a wholesome pleasure in the long tramps she took along the piney roads.

'I saw such a pretty spot in my ramble this afternoon,' she told her landlady one evening. 'It is about three miles from here at the end of the valley. Such a picturesque, low-eaved little house, all covered over with honeysuckle. It was set between a big orchard and an old-fashioned flower garden with great pines at the back.'

'Hartsease Farm,' said Mrs. Hewitt, promptly. 'Bless, you, there's only one place around here of that description. Mr. and Mrs. Bruce, Uncle Charlie and Aunt Flora, as we all call them, live there; they are the dearest old couple alive. You ought to go and see them, they'd be delighted. Aunt Flora just loves company; they're real lonesome by times.'

'Haven't they any children?' asked Constance, indifferently. Her interest was in the place, not in the people.

'No. They had a niece once, though—they brought her up and they just worshipped her. She ran away with a worthless fellow—I forget his name, if I ever knew it. He was handsome and smooth-tongued, but he was a scamp. She died soon after, and it just broke their hearts. They don't even know where she was buried, and they never heard anything more about her husband. I've heard that Aunt Flora's hair turned snow-white in a month. I'll take you up to see her some day when I find time.'

Mrs. Hewitt did not find time, but thereafter Constance ordered her rambles that she might frequently pass Heartsease Farm. The quaint old spot had a strange attraction for her. She found herself learning to love it, and so unused was this unfortunate girl to loving anything that she laughed at herself for her foolishness.

One evening, a fortnight later, Constance, with her arms full of ferns and wood-lilies, came out of the pine woods above Heartsease Farm, just as heavy raindrops began to fall. She had prolonged her ramble unreasonably, and it was now nearly night, and very certainly a rainy night at that. She was three miles from home and without even an extra wrap.

She hurried down the lane, but by the time she reached the main road, the few drops had become a downpour. She must seek shelter somewhere, and Heartsease Farm was the nearest. She pushed open the gate and ran up the slope of the yard between the hedges of sweet-briar. She was spared the trouble of knocking, for as she came to a breathless halt on the big red sandstone doorstep the door was flung open, and the white-haired, happy-faced little woman standing on the threshold had seized her hand and drawn her in bodily before she could speak a word.

'I saw you coming from upstairs,' said Aunt Flora gleefully, 'and I just ran down as fast as I could. Dear, dear, you are a little wet. But we'll soon dry you. Come right in—I've a bit of a fire in the grate, for the evening is chilly. They laugh at me for loving a fire so, but there's nothing like its snap and sparkle. You're rained in for the night, and I'm as glad as I can be. I know who you are—you are Miss Foster. I'm Aunt Flora, and this is Uncle Charles.'

Constance let herself be put into a cushiony chair and fussed over with an unaccustomed sense of pleasure. The rain was coming down in torrents, and she certainly was domiciled at Heartsease Farm for the night. Somehow, she felt glad of it. Mrs. Hewitt was right in calling Aunt Flora sweet, and Uncle Charles was a big, jolly, ruddy-faced old man with a hearty manner. He shook Constance's hand until it ached, threw more pine knots in the fire, and told her he wished it would rain every night if it rained down a nice little girl like her.

She found herself strangely attracted to the old couple. The name of their farm was in perfect keeping with their atmosphere. Constance's frozen soul expanded in it. She chatted merrily and girlishly, feeling as if she had known them all her life.

When bedtime came, Aunt Flora took her upstairs to a little gable room.

'My spare room is all in disorder just now, dearie, we have been painting its floor. So I'm going to put you in Jeannie's room. Someway you remind me of her, and you are just about the age she was when she left us. If it wasn't for that I don't think I could put you in her room, not even if every other floor in the house was being painted. It is so sacred to me. I keep it just as she left it; not a thing is changed. Good-night, dearie, and I hope you'll have pleasant dreams.'

When Constance found herself alone in the room, she looked about her with curiosity. It was a very dainty, old-fashioned little room. The floor was covered with braided mats, the two square, small-paned windows were draped with snowy muslin. In one corner was a litle white bed with white curtains and daintily ruffled pillows, and in the other a dressing table with a gilt-framed mirror and the various knick-knacks of a girlish toilet. There was a little blue rocker and an ottoman with a work-basket on it. In the work-basket was a bit of unfinished, yellowed lace with a needle sticking in it. A small bookcase under the sloping ceiling was filled with books.

Constance picked up one and opened it at the yellowing title-page. She gave a little cry of surprise. The name written across the page in a fine, dainty script was 'Jean Constance Irving,' her mother's name!

For a moment Constance stood motionless. Then she turned impulsively and hurried down stairs again. Mr. and Mrs. Bruce were still in the sitting room talking to each other in the firelight.

'Oh,' cried Constance, excitedly, 'I must know, I must ask you. This is my mother's name, Jean Constance Irving, can it be possible she was your little Jeannie?'

A fortnight later Miss Channing received a letter from Constance.

'I am so happy,' she wrote. 'Oh, Miss Channing, I have found "mine own people," and Heartease Farm is to be my own, own dear home for always.'

'It was such a strange coincidence, no, Aunt Flora says it was Providence, and I believe it was, too. I came here one rainy night, and Aunty put me in my mother's room, think of it! My own dear mother's room, and I found her name in a book. And now the mystery is all cleared up, and we are so happy.'

'Everything is dear and beautiful, almost the dearest and most beautiful thing is that I am getting acquainted with my mother, the mother I never knew before. She no longer seems dead to me. I feel that she lives and loves me, and I am learning to know her better every day. I have her room and her books and all her little girlish possessions. When I read her books, with their passages underlined by her hand, I feel as if she were speaking to me. She was very good and sweet, in spite of her one foolish mistake, and I want to be as much like her as I can.'

'I said that this was "almost" the dearest and most beautiful thing. The very dearest and most beautiful is this—God means something to me now. He means much! I remember that you said to me that he meant nothing to me because I had no human love in my heart to translate the divine. But I have now, and it has led me to Him.

'I am not going back to Taunton—I have sent in my resignation. I am going to stay home with Aunty and Uncle. It is so sweet to say "home" and know what it means.

'Aunty says you must come and spend all your next vacation with us. You see I have lots of vacation plans now—even for a year ahead. After all, there is no need of the blue pills!

'I feel like a new creature—made over from the heart and soul out. I look back with shame and contrition on the old Constance. I want you to forget her and only remember your grateful friend, the "new" Constance.'

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free

The Envious Wren.

(By Phoebe Cary.)

On the ground lived a hen;
In the tree lived a wren,
Who picked up her food here and there;
While Biddy had wheat,
And all nice things to eat;
Said the wren, 'I declare, 'tisn't fair!'

'It is really too bad,'
She exclaimed—she was mad—
'To go out when it's raining this way!
And to earn what you eat,
Doesn't make your food sweet,
In spite of what some folks may say.

'Now there is that hen,'
Said this cross little wren,
'She's fed till she's fat as a drum;
While I strive and sweat
For each bug that I get,
And nobody gives me a crumb.

'I can't see for my life
Why the old farmer's wife
Treats her so much better than me;
Suppose on the ground
I hop carelessly round
For a while, and just see what I see.'

Said this cute little wren,
'I'll make friends with the hen,
And perhaps she will ask me to stay;
And then upon bread
Every day I'll be fed,
And life would be nothing but play.'

So down flew the wren;
'Stop to tea,' said the hen;
And soon Biddy's supper was sent;
But scarce stopping to taste,
The poor bird left in haste,
And this was the reason she went:

When the farmer's kind dame
To the poultry yard came,
She said—and the wren shook with fright—
'Biddy's so fat, she'll do
For a pie or a stew,
And I guess I shall kill her to-night!'

—Selected.

Godliness in Business.

When Dr. Adam Clarke was a youth his father sent him to a relative, a linen merchant in Coleraine, who had offered to take Adam into his employ. While there an incident occurred which strikingly illustrated the youth's inflexible integrity. On one occasion a piece of cloth was deficient in length. 'Oh,' said the merchant, 'we will soon remedy that,' and seizing one end he bade Adam take hold of the other. 'Pull, Adam, pull,' he cried. But the youth stood as still as a statue. 'Why don't you pull?' inquired his employer. 'Because I do not think it right,' was the reply. It was urged that it was the custom of the trade, but Adam stood firm, and would not consent to stretch the cloth a single inch. May God give us the grace to carry our Christianity into our business!

The Spotted Tiger Foiled.

(From 'The Cobras Den,' by the Rev. Jacob Chamberlain, M.D., D.D.)

My camp was pitched in a valley between mountains towering up 4,000 feet above the sea, and 1,700 above my tent. I had been visiting, instructing, and encouraging the little Christian congregation there, and preaching in all the surrounding towns and villages for several days. It was necessary to move camp that day to another cluster of Christian villages on the other side of the mountain, many miles around by a tortuous route through the valleys. . . . There are many wild beasts inhabiting these mountain jungles: wild boar, deer, Indian elk, hyenas, jackals, wolves, an occasional striped tiger, and more spotted tigers. . . .

The spotted tigers have spots like a leopard, but are not leopards, for they have claws like a tiger, and cannot climb trees as a leopard can. In size they are between the royal tiger and the leopard. In disposition and habit they are tigers, and they have

a tiger's strength. A friend of mine, from an opposite hill, saw one of them spring upon a small horse, kill it, suck its blood, and then drag it to its lair in the mountain recesses. The spotted tigers do far more damage in our region than the striped, as they are much more numerous. If one gets a taste of human flesh, nothing else will satisfy it; but such diet soon makes it mangy and shortens its life.

We usually carry arms through these mountain jungles, but that day I had none. I had made the ascent of 1,700 feet, and, walking along the west slope of the summit for a quarter of a mile, I had crossed over to the east side of the rocky crest.

It was now one hour before sundown of a cloudy, drizzly afternoon. I had my double umbrella, black inside and white outside, and had closed it to go through a narrow opening in the bushes. I had crossed a little open grass-plot of a few rods, and was just entering a narrow footpath through the mountain jungle that would take me down to the east foot of the mountain, where I was to meet my pony.

Suddenly a spotted tiger sprang into the path between the bushes and disputed the passage. I saw at once what he wanted;only great hunger impels these tigers to come out during the day; he had had no breakfast and wanted missionary meat for supper. I did not wish him to have it; I had an appointment with the people of three villages, and wished to keep it. He stood in the only path through that mountain jungle, glaring at me. I eyed him intently, and, gaining his eye, held it while I formed my plan.

It is always best, if a scrimmage is to take place, to be the attacking party. My old grandmother used to teach me that everything would come in use within seven years, if you only kept it. When I was a boy I had gone out among an Indian tribe in Michigan, and learned their war-whoop. I had kept it for thrice seven years, but it proved trebly serviceable then. When my plan of attack was formed, springing forward toward the tiger, I raised this war-whoop, and at the same time suddenly brandished my double umbrella.

What it was that could so suddenly change a perpendicular dark figure into an alarming object, at the same time emitting such an unearthly yell, the tiger did not know. He stood his ground, however, until I dashed forward, and suddenly flourishing my umbrella, raised it to strike him. It seemed to occur to him that I was the more dangerous animal of the two, and that one of us had better run; as I did not, he did. Springing aside, over a bush, into the open ground, he made for the crest of the hill which I had just passed. His spring was the neatest specimen of animal motion I had ever seen. His forepaws were stretched straight out, and he had his nose between them. His hind feet were stretched equally straight, and between them his tail. Straight as an arrow he went through that opening. . . .

Putting my head with its big white sun hat into the opening, I once more raised the war-hoop. Down he dashed again with impetuosity. Withdrawing my head until he slackened his pace, I repeated the operation, and on he dashed, and so continued, until I had seen him cross the stream, and go up into the woods on the opposite side of the valley. Then, feeling sure that I could see no more of him that day, I turned and wended my way down three miles to the foot of the hill, mounted my pony, and kept my appointment. I am thankful to say that such incidents are not common in our preaching tours. I have never known of a missionary being seriously injured by ravenous beasts or venomous reptiles. But such an incident forcibly reminds us of the protection promised in the last few verses of the Gospels of Matthew and Mark, in connection with the giving of the Great Commission, and that promise is wonderfully fulfilled.

Japan has no large factories to speak of for the manufacture of the carpets, rugs, shawls and crepes that we admire so much, but instead, almost every house possesses its own hand loom, at which the entire family work. The curious feature of these miniature factories is that the weaving is set to music, each pattern having its own peculiar tune, to which the children, following the lead of the superintendent or head worker, sing a simple 'nonsense' song, the movements of their deft little fingers corresponding to the rhythmic rise and fall of the music. When the time arrives for changing the pattern the weaver in charge of the loom begins to hum a new tune, which the little ones immediately take up, simultaneously changing the pattern to suit the music. Thus, among the Japanese weavers, it is quite common to speak of a 'two tune,' 'four tune,' or 'six tune' rug, as the case may be.—The 'Designer.'

The Land of Anyhow.

Beyond The Isle of What's-the-use,
Where Slipshod Point is now,
There used to be, when I was young,
The Land of Anyhow.

Don't Care was king of all this realm—
A cruel king was he!
For those who served him with good heart
He treated shamefully!

When boys and girls their tasks would slight,
And cloud poor mother's brow,
He'd say, 'Don't care! It's good enough!
Just do it anyhow.'

But when in after life they longed
To make proud fortune bow,
He let them find that fate ne'er smiles
On work done anyhow.

For he who would the harvest reap
Must learn to use the plough,
And pitch his tent a long, long way
From the land of Anyhow.

—The 'Ram's Horn.'

In an Oakum Wash.

(Albert W. Tolman, in the 'Youth's Companion.')

The mill was a one-story wooden structure bordering the stream, and connected by a foot-bridge, another building on the opposite side.

Heaps and coils of frayed cordage filled the yard, hawsers, stays and shrouds of all sizes and lengths, stripped from dead ships, to be converted into oakum to calk the seams of vessels yet unbuilt.

Close by the open door, under the low, projecting roof, stood a truck waggon which was piled with moist brown fibre, ready for drying in the field near by. An odor of tar hung about the premises, strong, penetrating, but not unpleasant.

I stepped through the door into a long, dimly lighted room where several men were at work. Two were operating a knife, or cutter, which chopped the rope into sections a few inches in length.

These pieces were taken to another room and stripped of all refuse, such as parcelling, service or worming, until only the hemp was left. The hemp was then soaked in tubs of warm water until it was sufficiently softened to allow the strands to be unlaid.

Basketfuls of these untwisted strands were thrown into a steam-heated wash, which soon reduced them to a fibrous state. After remaining in this receptacle for about fifteen minutes, the material was taken out, drained of all surplus water and placed on trucks, ready for spreading and drying in the adjacent field. Later it would be carded out and pressed into bales for shipment.

To me the most interesting thing in the mill were the 'wash' and the man who operated it. Directly in front of the entrance was a wooden platform three feet high, shaped like a circle, and about eighteen feet in diameter, rendered slightly elliptical by the flattening of a pair of opposite sides.

On the very edge of the opening stood a man who might perhaps have been fifty years of age, short, square-shouldered and strongly built, weighing apparently not far from two hundred pounds. He was light-complexioned, and slightly bald, and he had a smooth-shaven, cheerful face.

In his hands was a stout wooden bar about five feet long. This he constantly thrust down into the rushing, steaming torrent, and after holding it there a brief space, lifted it with a dripping brown mass trailing from its end. Sometimes it was all he could do to raise it, so heavy were the sodden fibres.

He deposited his burden on a wooden grating fixed above a broad, shallow trough, and so inclined that the water would drain back from the hemp into the trap-door. When the mass had become dry enough it was transferred into the wash, and the process repeated.

I stood for some time watching the basketful of short strands change to brown, shapeless skeins of fibre.

The workman saw that I was interested, so he took pains to make every step of the manufacture plain to me.

He explained that the wash was simply a covered wooden canal, running round under the outer edge of the platform; that the water was heated to any desired temperature by steam brought in through a pipe from the boiler, and that it was kept in motion by a paddle-wheel under the box which I had noticed on the other side.

I peered down through the trap-door. The brown, foamy, streaming tide, which was sweeping on so rapidly, fascinated me. 'It strikes me that that would be rather an unpleasant place for a workman to fall into,' I said to the workman.

'Mighty unpleasant!' returned he, emphatically. 'I know it, for I've been there myself, and I count myself lucky that I ever got out alive.'

Then while he worked he told me the story of his adventure.

This mill has been turning out oakum for over fifty years, and there are hundreds of tons of our product afloat now all over the globe. Of course there isn't the call for it that there was before steel sailing ships and steamers came in, and since they've got to using steel rigging there isn't so much old rope for sale to supply us with raw material.

'Still, there's enough demand to keep us fairly busy, for our goods are made on honor, and we don't have any trouble in disposing of all we manufacture.

'I've worked at the business twelve years, and know it from A to Z. We use chiefly the standing rigging of old vessels, every kind of hemp except Manilla; that's too wiry to make good oakum.

'We get most of our material from junk dealers and ship-chandlers, though now and then we buy direct from some craft that's being stripped not far from us.

'Seven years ago this August we were cutting up the rope from the old 'Conqueror,' a ship that has made at least a dozen trips round the world in the East India and Pacific trade, but that had lately been dismantled in Boston, and her gang of rigging sent down to us. Business was pretty lively with us that summer, and we had taken on a good-sized crew in order to keep up with it.

'One morning I was the only man left in the mill; everybody else was busy in the field, turning the oakum so that the hot sun would dry it thoroughly. I was tending the boiler and looking out for the wash at the same time.

'About each half-hour I threw into the trap four large basketfuls of hemp-strands, weighing two hundred pounds in all, and took them out with my stick after they had been reduced to fiber. It was hard work in the trying heat, and I rested frequently.

'At ten o'clock I came in from the bridge over the stream, where I had been to get a breath of fresh air before taking the next batch of fibre from the wash. I opened the trap, and up came a rush of hot steam.

'After waiting a moment for the air to clear, I took my stick and pushed it down against the current. In a few seconds a mass had collected about its end, and I was about to raise it again when something occurred that distracted my attention.

(To be continued.)

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send three new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at forty cents each for one year, and receive a nice Bagster Bible, bound in black pebbled cloth with red edges, suitable for Sabbath or Day School. Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries, except United States and its dependencies; also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, and Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

Naughty Frisk.

(Joanna McKean, in 'Sunday Reading for the Young.')

A little fox terrier, happy and
gay,
Went out with his mistress one fine
summer day,
The woods were so pretty, the
trees all ablow,
That down by the chestnuts she
thought they would go.

'And Frisky,' she said, 'I'll be
"Mother" to-day,
And you the kind nurse by my
dollies to stay;
So mind you must guard them, and
never be rude;
I think I can trust you, you're al-
ways so good.'

So away they set off, the carriage
and all,
Where Tottie had seated each
beautiful doll,
Till they reached the fine trees at
the end of the road,
Where the 'Mother' could rest her
dear little load.

'Now, Frisky,' she said, 'I will
gather some flowers
Before they are wet with the soft
summer showers.'
So down 'Nursie' sat with a dutiful
air,
Determined to watch the dollies
with care.

But alas! but alas! puff! puff! went
the wind,
Never heeding the dollies, it was
so unkind,
And upset the small carriage, so
airy and light,
Which gave the poor nurse a ter-
rible fright,

When Tottie came back, with her
blossoms so sweet,
Expecting to find her children
quite neat,
Frisk was tearing a doll, enjoying
the fun;
And she cried, 'Naughty Frisk, oh,
what have you done?'

Then Frisk was repentant, and
down went his ears
And never in all his after long
years
Did he do such a thing to vex
Tottie again,
Or give his small mistress a heart-
ache or pain.

How Dorothy and Madge Played School.

A True Story.

'You know I was 'most late this noon,' Dorothy began, putting her arm around Madge in confidential fashion as they were walking home from school one bright summer afternoon, 'because I had to go 'round by Mrs. Drew's to carry a pattern for mother. I just stepped into the kitchen to rest a minute, and right on her big table was a box of honey. I guess she saw me looking at it, for she asked me if I liked honey, and I said, 'Yes'm, I do, but I don't have any very often, for we don't keep bees at our farm.'

'You know she keeps 'em, and I guess she has lots and lots of honey, for she told me if I would come again some day she'd give me some. She said I might ask another little girl to come with me, and of course I should ask you, for you are my very dearest, most intimate friend.'

Madge responded to this affectionate compliment by a hug which nearly stifled Dorothy, and exclaimed: 'Let's go next Saturday!'

'All right,' said Dorothy, 'cause it's four days before then, and that's long enough to wait, isn't it?'

Accordingly, the next Saturday afternoon saw two expectant little girls, in the cleanest of gingham dresses, and brand-new sunbonnets just alike, going along the country road to Mrs. Drew's big white farm-house. Past the long meadows white with daisies and sweet with

clover they went, now skipping and dancing to the music of the birds, now playing tag, until, breathless with running and laughter, they had to sit and rest on a rock by the roadside. Unable to bring their eager feet to a walk for more than a minute at a time, they soon found themselves at the front gate.

'Do you s'pose she will give us the honey first thing?' asked Dorothy.

'No, I guess not,' said Madge, whose sense of propriety suggested that this was hardly to be expected.

They did not have time to talk longer, for Mrs. Drew had heard the faint tap, tap of the old-fashioned brass knocker, which Dorothy could just reach by standing on tiptoe, and came to the door with a cordial greeting.

She invited them into the sunny sitting-room, where she was sewing, and after the pink sunbonnets had been taken off and Madge and Dorothy made to feel quite at home, told them stories about 'when she was a little girl.'

'Now don't you want to look at some pictures?' she asked.

'Yes, thank you,' said Dorothy, in her politest tone, wondering if Mrs. Drew meant this to occupy them while she went after the honey.

But evidently she did not, for after handing them the pictures, she resumed her seat by the window, and began to sew. The little girls glanced significantly at each other as they looked over the pictures, and their faces grew sober.

'It's 'most four o'lock,' thought Dorothy, 'and mother told me to be sure and come home by five.'

'Do you s'pose she's forgotten the honey?' she whispered, anxiously, to Madge.

'I'm afraid so,' Madge whispered back.

'Shall I ask her for it?' again whispered Dorothy.

'Oh, no,' said Madge. 'I do not think that would be polite. Do you?'

Poor Dorothy! After all the eager anticipation of the week to be disappointed now, especially when her dearest friend had been invited to share her pleasure! What should she do?'

'Oh, there's a bee!' she cried, a bright idea striking her, as a busy insect in search of sweets flew to the honeysuckle by the open window.

'I see him!' exclaimed Madge, catching Dorothy's meaning. But Mrs. Drew sewed on, with only a smile at the evident enjoyment of her small guests.

Plainly this hint was not sufficient to remind their hostess of the forgotten treat, and they would probably have to go home without the promised honey.

Suddenly Madge's face brightened, and she drew Dorothy toward her for a brief whispered consultation, at the close of which Dorothy jumped up and asked:

'Please may we play school in this corner, Mrs. Drew?'

'Yes, indeed,' said Mrs. Drew, and Madge exclaimed:

'You be the teacher, Dorothy, and I'll be the scholars!'

A little table was taken for the teacher's desk, and with becoming dignity, Dorothy perched herself upon the organ stool behind it. Madge quickly arranged three chairs, one behind another, and seated herself on the last. Then opening a book taken from the what-not, she began to study very hard.

'First class in spelling!' called the teacher. Madge closed her book and came to the front.

'Toe the mark!' ordered Dorothy.

Madge obediently 'toed' a bright green leaf in the carpet, put her hands behind her back, and looked up expectantly.

'Spell "honey".'

'Honey, h-o-n, hon, e-y, ey, honey: a sweet fluid collected by bees.' Madge had been taught to define as well as to spell.

'Bless my heart!' exclaimed Mrs. Drew, rising abruptly and leaving the room.

The girls looked abashed, and the spelling-class came to a sudden end.

'I wonder if she knew we meant it?' said Madge.

'I guess she did,' said Dorothy, for she went out quicker'n I thought she would.'

In a few minutes Mrs. Drew returned, bringing a small tray which contained a plate of tiny buttered biscuits and two sauce-plates of golden honey in the comb. Spreading a white cloth on the teacher's desk, she put down her dainties, saying:

'I don't see how I came to forget your honey; but I'm glad enough you made me think of it before you went home.'

Two very meek 'Thank yous' were the only response she received, but Madge and Dorothy ate the treat with keen relish, and after accepting an invitation to come again, started for home.

'That honey was very nice, Madge, but I'm sorry we had to hint for it,' said Dorothy, as they walked slowly down the road.

'So am I,' agreed Madge. 'It was very embarrassing.'—'The Youth's Companion.'

Confession.

Dear Pussy. I love you, an' I's
your true friend,
'Cause I saved you a whippin'
to-day;
When cook missed her custard, and
everyone said
It was puss that had stealed it
away.
You know you are naughty some-
times, pussy dear,
So in course you got blamed an'
—all that!
An' cook took a stick, an' 'clared
she would beat
The thief cat—that mizzable cat.
But I—didn't feel comfor'ble down
in my heart,
So I saved you a whippin', you
see,
'Cause I went to mamma, an' telled
her I 'spect
She'd better tell cook to whip me,
'Cause the custard was stealed by a
bad little girl
Who felt dreffely sorry with
shame,
An' it wouldn't be fair to whip
pussy, in course,
When that bad little girl was to
blame!
'Was it my little girlie?' my dear
mamma said,
I felt dreffely scared, but I nodded
my head;
And then mamma laughed.
'Go find nurse, for I guess
There's some custard to wash off a
little girl's dress.'
Well, then, 'course they knew it
was I an' not you,
Who stealed all the custard an'
then ran away;
But it's best to be true in the things
that we do,
An'—that's how I saved you a
spankin' to-day.
—Band of Mercy.

Correspondence

R., Que.

Dear Editor,—As I have never written a letter to the 'Messenger,' I thought I would do so now. My brother has taken it for quite a while, and I like to read the letters which other little girls write. I am not going to school at present, as I have had an operation on my ear, but I am getting well, and I get letters from my school mates and I answer them, and it passes the time. I am reading the book called 'Bessie at School.' I have two dolls, and a doll's cradle for them, and I have lots of fun with them. I am 10 years old. My birthday is on September 2. I wonder if any other little girl's birthday is on the same day.

GEORGINA MILNE.

C.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Messenger' at Sunday school, and enjoy reading it very much. Sunday school here all summer, but it stopped last Sunday, and on Tuesday evening we had an entertainment; the church was full, and all had a good time. I am now going to tell what we did. Our programme consisted of songs, solos, recitations, dialogues, readings, and several selections on the phonograph, while one of the neighbor girls played and sang to songs on the guitar. And then supper was served, and after supper apples and candies were passed around. The church was all decorated, and everyone enjoyed themselves.

I. M. S.

M., Man.

Dear Editor,—My father moved from Ontario with his uncle and my uncle in 1879, and settled on a farm near the town of M., which then was not in existence. The town is now large. Our Methodist church is being enlarged and repaired to the cost of about $3,000. There is a four-roomed school, and they are talking of building another four-roomed

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Robinson Crusoe.' John C. Armour (10), A.M., Ont.
2. 'Man in sail boat.' Charlie Zasche, P., Ont.
3. 'Humming bird's nest.' Alice Smith, E., Ont.
4. 'Guitar.' Annie Nettleton (10), R., Ont.
5. 'Baby on fence.' Annie Fosck, P., Ont.
6. 'Hunter's camp.' Crosby G. Killen (11), G.R., N.S.
7. 'My dog Buffer.' Gordon Macfarlane, K. G., Que.
8. 'Clover leaf.' Mabel Irene, C., Ont.
9. 'Beaver.' Percy McDonald, H.C., N.S.
10. 'Yacht.' Tena A. Macfarlane., K. G., Que.
11. 'Some inhabitants of the sea.' Ella S. (12), P. H., Ont.
12. 'Church.' Cora E. Macfarlane, K. G., Que.

I have read fourteen of the Pansy books, several of E. P. Roe's, and a lot of others. I wonder who can tell me where the word 'girl' is found in the Bible.

VERNA.

H., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am in the fourth book. My birthday is on the 21st of November. I live on a three hundred-acre farm. We keep forty-eight cows and twelve horses. Could any of the 'Messenger' readers answer this question, What is the middle chapter in the Old Testament?

EDNA COHOON.

D., Man.

Dear Editor,—Enclosed please find the money for the subscription for my paper, which, through negligence, I failed in sending. I am glad you continued my paper, as I would not like to miss any of the papers. I like the 'Messenger' very much, and I am always looking for it every week. Thank you for sending me the paper for subscriber's names, although I do not think I will have time to get many. I collected Missionary money last year, and I got a nice book entitled 'Naiomi or the last days of Jerusalem., Have any of you ever read it? I am collecting again this year.

MANITOBA FARMER.

P. A., Sask.

Dear Editor,—We like the 'Messenger' very much, and think it is well worth the money. We do not have Sunday school here in the winter, as it is too cold. We had a Union school. They take up all classes up to second class for teachers. This summer I wrote on my extrance examination.

FLORENCE M. ROSE (age 12).

S., Man.

Dear Editor,—I have never written to the 'Messenger' before, but have taken it a long time. It comes in my name. We came from England three years ago. We were ten days on the steamer, and three days on the train. I am fourteen years old on February 21.

LENA SOLOMONS.

S., Man.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl 12 years old. I have two sisters, Lena and Rebecca. Lena is older than I am, and Rebecca is younger than I am. We came over here nearly three years ago, and have settled down on one farm, and have been there all the time. It is situated nearly seven miles from our town S. I have read a number of books, some of which are 'Black Beauty,' 'The Wide, Wide World,' and quite a few others.

DOROTHY SOLOMONS.

S., Man.

Dear Editor,—We live on a farm. The school-house is one-quarter of a mile from our house. I go to school every day, and am in the Third Reader. We have been out here three years. We came from London, England. I like diving out here very much. We came out on the 'Bavarian,' and passed two icebergs on the way. I have two sisters, and I like reading very much.

REBECCA SOLOMONS (age 9).

J., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have read; quite a few books, some of them are: 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' 'Black Beauty,' 'Beautiful Joe,' 'A Sham Princess,' 'Miss Ashton's New Pupil,' 'Helen Beaton,' 'Little Faith,' Jessica's First Prayer,' and some others. I go to school about every day. I am taking music lessons, and I like it very much. I go to Baptist Sunday school.

BESSIE M. SLIPP.

L., U.S.

Dear Editor,—I have read a good many letters written to the 'Messenger' by the girls and boys, and thought I would write one too. We have taken the 'Messenger' for about five years, and like it very much. I go to school every day. I am in the Senior fourth class. My home is about one mile from Georgian Bay. I am at present visiting at my grandpa's. My Uncle Garrow is writing also; they keep the L. Post office. My birthday is on May 31.

ELLA LAWSON (age 13).

L., U.S.

Dear Editor,—I go to school every day, and am in the fourth class. We keep a store and post office, and I like tending to them very much. I am thirteen years of age. My birthday is on March 12.

Here is the answer to one of the riddles—Why is a letter K. like a pig's tail? Ans: Why is the letter K like a pig's tail? Ans: tail is at the end of a pig.

GARROW LANGMAN.

D., Ont.

Dear Editor,—As I saw in the 'Messenger' a question asked by Rosa J. Rose, where could we find schoolmaster in the Bible. We can find it in Gal. iii., chap. 24 and 25th verse. I am in the Second Reader. I have read a number of books, among them the following: 'Robinson Crusoe,' 'Water Babies,' 'Little Women,' 'The Lamplighter,' and others.

ZELLA LANE.

H., N.B.

Dear Editor,—I am going to write you about my favorite books. They are 'Tip Lewis and his Lamp,' by 'Pansy,' and 'Little Men,' by Louisa M. Alcott. I have not read any books by Ralph Connor. There is always good coasting here in the winter. I started to school on Jan. 15, and I intend going every day I can for the rest of the term. My teacher's name is Mr. S., and he is a very nice man. A factory has started here lately, so this is getting to be quite a little town. I think the 'Northern Messenger' is a valuable paper, and I wish it much success.

J. M. MacMICHAEL.

M., Que.

Dear Editor,—I am getting the 'Messenger' at St. Giles S. S., and I enjoy reading the stories. I have just graduated from Aberdeen school, and I am going to start the Senior school. My favorite subject is drawing. I intend to attend the soiree on Friday evening Jan. 26. I live quite a piece from the church, but I enjoy the walk. As I was looking over the 'Messenger' I noticed that Vishnu G. Govande's three puzzles were not answered, two of them were, but one was not. The question of one is, 'When is a king like a book?' Ans.—When he has pages.

EDITH RAMSEY.

K. G., Que.

Dear Editor,—I have been a reader of the 'Messenger' for a number of years, and I think I would be lonesome without it, for I always look forward for Thursday, when I get it at the Post Office. We have not had much skating this winter, I was just out a few times, and then only on the ditches, but I hope I will be out some more, for the winter is not over yet. I go to school every day, and am in the fourth grade. There are about thirty-five scholars going now, almost more than the school can seat. Our Sunday School did not have a Christmas tree this year, but we had one at home. We trimmed it with chains and flags of all colors. We could not reach up to the top to decorate it, so papa helped us. I noticed a couple of letters lately from K. G. I am twelve years old, but will be thirteen on February 13.

TENA A. MACFARLANE.

LESSON VIII.—FEBRUARY 25, 1906.

Jesus' Power to Forgive.

Mark ii., 1-12.

Golden Text.

The Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sins.—Mark ii., 10.

Home Readings.

Monday, Feb. 19.— Mark ii., 1-12.
Tuesday, Feb. 20.—Mark ii., 13-28.
Wednesday, Feb. 21.—Is. xliii., 1-13.
Thursday, Feb. 22.—Is. xliii., 14-28.
Friday, Feb. 23.—Ezek. xxxvi., 25-38.
Saturday, Feb. 24.—Matt. ix., 2-8.
Sunday, Feb. 25.—Luke v., 17-26.

(By Davis W. Clark.)

It was no matter of caprice that Jesus went to Capernaum. It was the centre of population. There were nine large cities in immediate proximity. And the combined population of the district approximated three million souls. Comparatively remote from the ecclesiastical centre of Palestine, the prejudice to the new Teacher and His doctrine was correspondingly less. There Jesus 'reached the masses.' There was an irresistible attractiveness in Jesus. People flew to Him like iron filing to a magnet. He drew men to himself. He could not be hit. He is still the most attractive and conspicuous personage of all history, and having been lifted up, is drawing an ever-increasing multitude to Himself. But each must determine for himself whether this attraction shall result in a permanent attachment to the Master. Alas for Capernaum! it was for the most part curiosity, or mere bodily healing, or loaves and fishes, that brought the populace to Jesus; and so a city exalted to heaven is brought down to hell. It is an utter desolation, as indeed is the whole region. One little, leaky boat floats on Galilee, where once a goodly fleet rode at anchor, Jesus' words, 'Woe unto thee, Capernaum!' seem to wake the echoes of a complete desolation. Once when Jesus, in the very house where he was seeking repose, was besieged by an audience that completely choked up the courtyard and the very approach to it, a stirring incident occurred. Four men, one or more of whom may have had a personal and happy experience of Jesus' power to heal picked up an afflicted friend as he lay upon his mat, and brought him joyously and confidently to the great Healer. They were not dashed when they found the ordinary approach hopelessly blocked. They did not lay the sufferer down in the street, or even return with him to his dwelling. They were the kind who take the kingdom of heaven by storm. They carried the paralytic up the outside staircase to the flat roof. They dug up the hard, sun-dried, earthen roof, enough to admit of their lowering their friend into the room below. There were helping hands reached up from the astonished auditors below, and the sufferer was gently and safely landed at Jesus' feet. A mute, but powerful appeal, that! Jesus' first words were indescribably comforting: 'Son, be of good cheer,' But there is a surprising change in the formula. It is not a rebuke to disease. It is a categorical, authoritative remission of sin. The startling words could not escape the notice of the inquisitorial coterie of scribes and Pharisees. It was not intended they should. It was Jesus' gauntlet at their feet. They picked it up, but not in audible words of dissent. Omniscience unveiled their unspoken words as Jesus said: 'Omnipotence knows nothing of degrees. One thing is not easier or harder to do than another. It is equally as easy to forgive as to heal, and vice versa. But that you may know that I have authority and power to do both, I will also say to this utterly powerless person, "Arise."' He spake, and it was done. No wonder the people said, as the audience dispersed: 'We have seen strange things to-day.' 'Our eyes never beheld anything to match this scene.' 'We never saw it on this fashion.'

THE TEACHER'S LANTERN.

An admirable example, this, of strong and practical human sympathy. This gathering up of those who have been felled to earth by adversity, disease and sin; this carrying them in the arms of a strong faith to Him who is mighty to save—'tis angelic work! . . . . Power of combination—see that, too, in this stirring word-picture. No one of these four believers could alone have carried his friend to Jesus. The four together did it with ease. The children of this world are wiser in this respect. It is the age of combination in every sphere. Much spiritual force is frittered away in sporadic effort. Let Christians 'get together' for the accomplishment of definite ends. . . . Persistence is finely illustrated here. Not one of the four got weary in well-doing, or let go his corner of the mattress. Faint hearts would have failed at sight of such obstacles. But these believers were not made of such stuff. They did not once look back. They ran their furrow to the end of the field. This is the quality that wins in every sphere; in religion no less than in art, literature, commerce, exploration and all. . . . Conventional rules were broken and set at naught that day. The sermon was interrupted. Plaster came rattling down on the heads of the auditors. Property was injured. But what of that, so a sinner was saved? Welcome any mode that really brings the unsaved to the golden mercy-seat. Public worship is a means to an end, not an end in itself. It is a ladder to convey us to the treasury of grace. Bare ritualism grows very dexterous in gliding up and down the ladder; but it never takes one anywhere.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Feb. 25.—Topic —Neesima, and missions in Japan. Isa. l., 4-10.

Junior C. E. Topic.

THE DARK CONTINENT.

Monday, Feb. 19.—Walking in darkness. Isa. ix., 2.

Tuesday, Feb. 20.—People who sat in darkness. Matt. iv., 16.

Wednesday, Feb. 21.—'The sun of righteousness.' Mal. iv., 2.

Thursday, Feb. 22.—'A light to the Gentiles.' Luke ii., 32.

Friday, Feb. 23.—'Thy light is come.' Isa. lx., 1-3.

Saturday, Feb. 24.—Out of darkness. Isa. xlii., 6, 7.

Sunday, Feb. 25.—Topic—Africa, the dark continent. A map study. Luke i., 77-79.

The Home Department.

Do you say that you do not have any such department in your school? Why? 'Oh, we have not given the matter much thought. I presume we could have one if we thought so.' An honest confession is good for the soul, and perhaps, in this case, it will result in good to the school. It is but trite to say that a school without a home department in these days is not up with the times. One must say more than that. A school that does not take hold of this branch of work is missing an opportunity to save souls and further the interests of the Master's kingdom.

The department has been explained before. A little repetition will not be amiss, however. It is that department of the Sunday school which remains at home, but which engages in the study of the lesson, contributes to the maintenance of the school, has all of the rights to the privileges of the school that any other department has,—in short is a part and parcel of the school.

But why do we need to hear of this so often? Because you may not have been aroused to a vital interest in the work. Pastors and superintendents should take hold of this work without delay. The opportunity is inviting and promising. To say that we must not be behind other Churches is too weak an argument. It is better said, We must not be remiss in doing the work of the Lord.

Let a committee of visitors canvass the neighborhood to find out how many there are who do not attend Sunday school, and also how many are willing to be enrolled in the home department. Appoint your superintendent of that department, and divide the work among a certain number of visitors, whose duty it shall be to visit each member in their class at least once a quarter, and to make report as to the work being done. Get started once, and the work will soon show just what should be done.

Half a Century of Sunday School Teaching.

A talk with Mr. A. J. Scrutton, President of the London Sunday School Union,' by 'M,' in the 'Sunday School Chronicle.'

'Well, Mr. Scrutton,' I said, as I prepared for a chat with the president of the union the other day, 'I suppose you have a fairly long record of service in Sunday school work?'

'Yes; pretty long,' was the answer. 'I began when I was twenty-four, and that is fifty-four years ago, at Hackney, in St. Thomas Square Chapel.'

'What was the educational standard at that time among your scholars?'

'Well, not very high, of course. But they were for the most part able to read the Bible.'

'You have had peculiar success, I believe, with lads, Mr. Scrutton? Have you any secret to impart to younger men who are anxious to win their boys?'

'Well, I may say that I got a great hold over them by having them up to my house on week-day evenings. Their limited education made it comparatively easy for me to give them interesting evenings, teaching them writing, the rudiments of science, astronomy, etc. . . . .'

'Your school, then, was with you, if one might put it so, all the week?'

'Decidedly. I had a room in my house in Hackney in 1853, an institute and library combined, which was open to them every night till ten o'clock. One young fellow, who got a good position in after-life as a builder, told me that he attributed it to the lessons in drawing which I gave him.'

'How did you come to take up Sunday-school work?'

'In rather a peculiar way. I may say that for some years it did not appeal to me at all. Then a man who had the senior class at St. Thomas' School invited me to come and teach. I said I did not know how to teach; but I went, and my first class was of little boys of about eight or nine. I noticed one little fellow in a smock pinafore sitting on the form but he did not seem to have any interest. My first encouragement came from him, however, for next Sunday, when I went into the school, he called out, "Teacher, take our class! take our class!" This boy remained in the school for some years, and afterwards was a member of my Bible class.'

'I presume you place a great deal of value upon the influence of a teacher during the week?'

'An immense deal,' Mr. Scrutton replied emphatically. 'In my own case, I made it a study to find out what time my lads went to town in the morning. If I wanted to talk with one specially, I made it a point to go to town at the same time, and to walk with him. If he had any particular hobby or fancy I tried to meet it in some way or other. It was finding the note to which they would respond. To help me to do this I kept a book, in which I recorded my impressions of each new scholar, his character, ability, etc. I kept this always before me, and by this means I got to know my boys thoroughly.'

'This, of course, means that a class is a life work?'

'Certainly. A teacher must give his whole spare time to it if he would keep his class and get the highest results.'

(To be continued.)

The Two Streets.

(Nixon Waterman in 'Onward.')

Two streets there are in many towns—
  A foul one and a fair;
In one, good cheer and peace abound;
  In one, a dark despair;
In one, the light of love is shed;
  In one, grief's bitter tear;
The name of one of these is 'Bread,'
  The name of one is 'Beer.'

In Bread Street there are busy men,
  And happy homes and wives;
In Beer Street, the degraded den
  And sad and broken lives;
In Bread Street, Plenty sings her song,
  And Labor chants his rhyme;
In Beer Street, Want is joined with Wrong,
  And Idleness with Crime.

O men and mothers, strive to do
  All in your power to make
The children shun the ones who brew,
  But love the ones who bake!
One street there is their feet should tread,
  And one their feet should fear;
The name of one of these is 'Bread,'
  The name of one is 'Beer.'
—Arlington Heights, Mass.

How the Drink Appetite is Created.

The Toledo 'Blade' of Jan. 22 says: 'It is now discovered that in Chicago there are a number of saloons in each of which a room has been fitted up with small furniture, picture books, toys and hobby horses, and into which children are enticed to play. They are at first given sweetened wines to cultivate a taste for liquor, and are told to bring in some of their little friends to play with them. By and by the drink habit is fastened upon the little ones, and all their pennies are spent for intoxicants.

'On one street in Chicago twenty such places have been found, and evidence secured to convict the proprietors. How many more such saloons are now running in Chicago is simply a matter of conjecture. In how many other cities and towns the same plan is being used to destroy children can only be imagined.

'The scheme is as damnable as the ingenuity of man can devise. For the sole purpose of increasing business little boys and girls are lured into these dens and taught to drink. The plan is deliberately formed and executed. Ruined lives count for nothing; liquors must be sold, and children are offered as a sacrifice on a keg of beer.'

Two Temperance Yarns.

The fact of a lady, says Miss Agnes Weston, holding a meeting on a warship was so unique that the news spread from ship to ship faster than a newspaper report could have spread it. I had some queer and some exciting experiences in these early days. Once I remember putting off on a fine sunny day to H.M.S. 'Vanguard,' lying in Plymouth Sound. As we got near the vessel, which was anchored three miles from the shore, one of the men rowing my boat exclaimed 'Hallo! she's getting up steam.' It was indeed true. She had orders by telegram to leave the port immediately, and the accommodation ladder had been shipped and stowed. But the captain, full of kindness and apologies for apparent breach of faith, hearing that I was alongside, had it out again, and in a twinkling the boatswain's mate piped the notice, 'Miss Weston's come aboard to give a lecture in the upper deck battery.' Up the men came, crowding the companion ladders, and gathering round me with bright, eager faces, some cross-legged, some kneeling, and some standing, but all interested. I spoke a few words on the pity and folly of taking drink, which led to crime, wretchedness, and death. Then out came the pledge-book, placed on a big gun, and forty of those brave fellows—most of them young—promised there and then to have nothing to do with the evil thing. I had barely left the ship when she weighed anchor and went to sea. Once on board another vessel I was looking round for a table on which to lay the pledge, and the only thing I could see was a tub—as I supposed, a bread tub—so I asked if it might be put in position. 'Certainly,' said the commander, smiling, 'but it's the first time it has been put to such a use. Now, men, a couple of hands to roll out the grog tub!'—From 'Miss Weston's Account of her Life-work of our Sailors' in the 'Quiver' for January.

M. Gaston Mery who has had to examine young fellows called for service in the French army, represents the average youth as a very poor specimen of humanity. Out of 800 that passed before him not ten could be rightly termed well made. 'It seems,' he says, 'the Paris-bred boys are even worse, alcohol, smoking, and over-indulgence, have done their deadly work. No need to look further for the cause of such decadence.'

SUBSCRIBERS SECURING OUR DAILY JUBILEE AWARD

FOR WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 3.

Probably none of those securing these awards expect them on such small remittances.

We continue to receive daily, most congratulatory letters concerning the 'Witness' Diamond Jubilee, all of which are heartily appreciated. These letters are being reproduced in our columns.

Our friends all over the Dominion are joining with us in celebrating our sixtieth anniversary of the foundation of the 'Witness.' In another place will be found the special Diamond Jubilee club offers, including in addition to reduced rates THE GIFT of one of our Red Letter colored plate illustrated Bibles. One of these handsome books is given each day to the subscriber from whom we receive the largest amount of subscription money (net), for our publications.

The Bibles awarded free appear good value for four dollars.

The list of successful club raisers for the week ending Saturday, February 3.

Monday, Jan. 29.—Jas. Gibson, Ottawa, Ont.
Tuesday, Jan. 30.—W. McKellar, Stratford, Ont.
Wednesday, Jan. 31.—O. L. Gibson, Caintown, Ont.
Thursday, Feb. 1.—J. Manuel, Exploits, Nfld.
Friday, Feb. 2.—Andrew Glen, Boissevain, Man.
Saturday, Feb. 3.—Olive Dunn, Mount Albert, Ont.

Each of the above will receive one of these red letter illustrated Bibles Free, besides their commission.

(Remittances from news agents or from Sunday School clubs for the "Northern Messenger,' or from publishers, or from any one who is not a subscriber to one of our publications, do not count in this offer.)

Who will be the successful subscribers for next week?

Harriston, Ont., Jan. 31.

Dear Sirs,—I have very much pleasure in sending you my best thanks for the beautiful Bible. It is a splendid gift as a Jubilee present for so little service to the 'Witness.' Thank you very kindly for that well-prized gift and I hope that God will spare you to send your worthy 'Witness' to all lands, a witness of truth and temperance. I have read the 'Witness' for forty-eight years. Lover of the 'Witness' and 'Messenger.' Yours truly,
JAMES STEWART.

Rockburn, Que., Jan. 25

Gentlemen,—Accept my grateful thanks for your Bible, which arrived last week. I am very much pleased indeed with it. It was a great surprise to me as I had not even thought of trying for it. Again thanking you, I remain, yours truly,
AGNES CAIN.

Palmerston, Ont., Jan. 31.

Dear Sir,—I received the premium Bible all right. It is very nice. The 'Witness' is a good paper. I always think good work has been done for the Master's cause when the 'Witness' has been got into a family. This is why I work for it. Yours truly,
JOSEPH GOODWIN.

The Manse, Franktown, Ont., Jan. 20.

Gentlemen,—I received to-day the Bible which you sent me as a premium on my order. I am very much pleased with it and think it well worth while for one to make an effort to secure one. With best wishes for the success of your publications, and thanking you for the Bible, I am, yours truly,
J. CALVIN MACFARLANE.

It Doesen't Pay.

A physician was invited to dine at the club with the dispatcher of a railroad. After dinner the dispatcher remarked that he must go to his room and lie down. The physician inquired the reason. He answered, 'The wine I have used, although in small quantity, has bewildered my brain for accurate work, and I must rest. I would not dare to go on duty now. I should make mistakes and not know it at the time, and the mortification of having them corrected by my associates would confuse me still more.' The physician thought, 'I am going to make some very important calls in the homes of friends who trust me implicitly, and at the hospital where my best judgment and skill are required. Is it possible that the wine I have used has made me unfit for this work? Later, he met the dispatcher, and said, 'You were right, and I have been taught a lesson I will never forget. That afternoon's work after the dinner cost me the loss of one of my best families by my indiscretion and anger. I realize now that I cannot use wine and have full possession of myself.' This is a phase of the revolution of public sentiment which is coming into prominence among active brain workers. At banquet tables this is apparent in the abstemiousness of the practical men. This is not from sentiment or theory, but from experience. They know the anaesthetic effects of alcohol literally, and have felt its depressing action on the brain and nervous system.—'Journal of Inebriety.'

Tons of Bank Notes.

If we were to take the money spent in one year in the public-houses of the United Kingdom, and exchange it for £5 Bank of England notes, we should require five hundred very strong men to convey them from the Bank, for their weight would be twenty-two and a half tons, and with them we might make a pathway one foot nine and a half inches wide in front of our 600-mile row of licensed houses throughout its entire length.

HOUSEHOLD.

Satisfied.

(New York 'Tribune.')

I cannot say,
Beneath the presence of life's cares to-day,
I joy in these,
But I can say
That I would rather walk the rugged way
If Him it please.

I cannot feel
That all is well when darkening clouds conceal
The shining sun;
But then I know
God lives and loves—can say, since it is so,
'Thy will be done.'

I will not see
Why God should e'er permit some things to be
When He is love;
But I can see,
Though often dimmed through mystery,
His hand above.

I cannot speak
In happy tones—the tear-drops on my cheek
Show I am sad;
But I can speak
Of grace to suffer with submission meek
Until made glad.

I do not look
Upon the present, nor in nature's book,
To read my fate;
But I do look
For promised blessings in God's Holy Book,
And I can wait.

I may not try
To keep the hot tears back but hush the sigh,
It might have been;
And try to still
All rising murmurs, and to God's sweet will,
Respond, 'Amen.'

A Mothers' Meeting.

(Caroline B. Burrell, in the 'Congregationalist.')

A group of women were gathered one snowy day about a fireside tea-table. The shining silver and china, the steaming kettle, the light chat and laughter were all enticing, and I drew up my chair to the circle.

'Is this a mothers' meeting?' I inquired.

'An impromptu one,' was the reply. 'We were speaking of the remembrances of our childhood homes which stand out most clearly in our minds. How surprised our parents would be if they knew just what impressions we retain!'

'Your speaking of mothers' meetings recalls one thing to me,' laughed Mrs. Sands, 'and that is, how as a child I hated them. It always took me several days to recover my self-respect after my mother had attended one. I knew that my faults had been discussed, my failings all laid bare to the other mothers, and, worst of all, I had been prayed over in public! I felt disgraced.'

'Why did we all so hate to be prayed over, I wonder?' said Mrs. Heath. 'Whenever I was naughty my mother retired to her closet; I knew I was the little sinner whose wicked ways were being mentioned, and I felt indignant and humiliated, just as you did after the mothers' meetings.'

'It is dreadful to think we make religion so disagreeable to our children,' said Mrs. Howe, seriously. 'My remembrances of Sundays are of drearily wandering about through the endless afternoons seeking for some "good" book, such as we were allowed, which should be entertaining, and of failing to find it.'

'It is strange how deeply a child is impressed by gloom,' replied Mrs. Heath. 'Children are supposed not to notice it, but to lead their own gay and simple lives unaffected by such an atmosphere. But in my own case four years of my own childhood stand out as the most miserable of my whole life, though I'm an old woman now. Two of my six brothers and sisters died suddenly of fever, and my mother was unable to rise above her grief. The house was kept as a house of mourning. If we played noisily, we were reproached for forgetting our little playmates. No one was invited to visit, and no one wanted to come. I do not remember that we ever discussed the matter among ourselves, but I am sure that we suffered in body and mind from those years of dreariness.'

'The mother undoubtedly sets the home its keynote,' said Mrs. Howe. 'Now I have known one which is remembered as a prison by the children who have grown out of it, and two others which will always seem like heaven to the children who went out from it.'

'Tell us about them,' Mrs. Sands begged.

'I'll begin with the prison, then. It was a home of wealth and refinement. There was every luxury and there was health and beauty. But the mother was a stern, unsympathetic woman, very fond of books and anxious that her children should be students. She met them at the door on their return from school, cross-questioned them as to their work and play, allowed, perhaps, an hour's freedom and then called them in to study. In the evening she read aloud to them from "improving" books. When their friends came in she remained silently in the room, listening and observing. I can well remember how as a very little girl I used to go over there to play house and, in the midst of our subdued gayety, the door would open and the mother would stand there, inspecting our manners and morals, hoping, we thought, to catch us in some wrongdoing.

'That woman's children have grown up to respect her, but not to love her. "Poor mother," they call her, and well they may. She has missed all the brightness and joy of life.'

'Her temperament was at fault,' suggested Mrs. Heath.

'Yes,' Mrs. Howe agreed, 'a temperament she should have battled with and conquered. Nature endows us with many unfortunate characteristics, but we need not be slaves to them.'

'But how about the two other homes?' I inquired.

'One was on a farm some miles from a large town,' she answered. 'As the children grew up they were shut off from much of the social life of the other young people by their remoteness, and the mother set herself to make up for deficiencies.

'She was a hard-worked woman, and the cares could not be laid aside, so she transformed them into pleasures. The dish-washing was a "lark." Those of the girls whose turn it was to sweep and dust envied those whose laughter rang out from the kitchen, where mother was. The bakings always included cookies and doughnuts, and the cake jar was kept supplied, for callers came daily. I have known as many as sixteen young people to appear in twos and fours on a summer's afternoon or evening, and all stayed to one of several teas. There were berries and cream; there were biscuits hastily beaten up if the bread gave out; there was the inexhaustible cookie jar. Tea was quickly made and an omelet took but a moment to prepare. There was hospitality for all, simple but overflowing. And the mother was queen of all fes-

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Note Subscribers getting up clubs are entitled to charge full subscription rates from new subscribers and to retain the difference between these and the above club rate to cover their expenses.

Note—One's own subscription does not count in this offer because it does not require canvassing.

Note—Those working for other premiums will not benefit by these offers.

Note—To stimulate further effort, and as some will find it easy to get more than three or four subscribers, we will in addition to the foregoing remarkable offers, commencing November 15th, 1905, and until further notice, award each day to the subscriber sending us in the largest amount of subscription money for our various publications on that day,

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Those who prefer, instead of working on the basis of the above Club offers, may take subscriptions for any of our publications at the full rates, and we will allow a commission of twenty-five percent (one quarter) on renewal subscriptions and fifty percent (one half) on new subscriptions. But these terms are only available for those sending Five dollars or more at a time.

NOTE.—New subscribers are people who have not been readers of our publications, or who have not for at least two years lived in houses where they have been taken.

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tivities. She declared that she never tired of company.

'When winter came she planned sleigh rides and evening gatherings in the farmhouse. There was always a grate fire around which they could draw up their chairs, and nuts and apples were at hand. She gave those girls the brightest, gayest times one could wish for. Instead of being isolated on a farm, they were the centre of the social life of the vicinity, envied by all their young friends. And it was all their mother's doing. Her unfailing brightness of spirit, her readiness of resource, her sympathy with her children were the wonder of all who knew her.'

'Temperament again,' suggested Mrs. Heath.

'No,' replied Mrs. Howe. 'It was the result of deliberate intention and planning. No doubt she often felt depressed. She had, I know, heavy sorrows and financial burdens and worries, but her children and her husband saw only her smiles and heard only her ready laughter. Her tears were shed and her troubles conquered in secret.'

'And the other home?' I inquired, after a moment's silence among us.

'That was in the city,' Mrs. Howe replied. 'There was a group of eight children and the mother feared lest the distractions of society should draw them away from her. So in their early childhood she devised a plan for making that house the most charming place they could find. They were encouraged to bring their friends in after school, and there was always some simple dainty ready for that hungry hour. The mother knew each guest and took the keenest interest in football or in examinations, or whatever was the interest of the day. Before long she formed her own children into what she called the 'home club.' Each night they gathered about the fire, which burned like an altar flame almost the year around, and by wit, tact and sympathetic comradeship she made every evening a gala time. Seldom did one of the children go out; it was too delightful at home.

'The years went by. The children married, but the 'home club' remained, for sons and daughters-in-law joined it. Sorrow came and broke the circle, but the chairs drew nearer together and filled the vacant place. The mother is old and white-haired now, but she still reigns. She has made that home what I have called it, a heaven on earth.'

'How will our children remember their homes? It's something for us to think about,' said I, as this mothers' meeting broke up.

The true Christian studies the happy art of making the most of every one with whom he is thrown in contact—of recognising in each soul and of eliciting from it that feature of heart and mind in which stands the relationship of that particular soul to God. It is this true self of our neighbor which we are required to love.—Edward M. Goulburn.

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In all of the following offers two renewal subscriptions will be accepted instead of one new one, and one subscription to the 'Weekly Witness,' or 'World Wide,' will count as two for the 'Northern Messenger.' One reason is that renewals are not difficult to get, but the chief reason is that renewal subscriptions are our main support, and therefore we have to depend upon them.

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from all parts of the world. This trip will be enjoyed by young and old, and can be taken at small expense.

By an arrangement with the manufacturers, we are able to purchase this handsome Outfit at a price that permits us to make our readers a very liberal premium proposition. This Outfit consists of the following:

ONE STEREOSCOPE, with aluminum hood, and bound with dark, rich, red velvet. The frame is of fine finished cherry, with sliding bar holding the views, and with a potent folding handle.

COLORED VIEWS, made by a special process, a combination of lithographing and half-tone work, handsomely colored in natural effects. The objects in the pictures are shown in relief—not flat like an ordinary picture—and are so natural that you imagine you are right on the scene looking at them in reality. You will take as much pleasure in showing these views to others as you do in admiring them yourself.

HERE ARE THE TWO BEST PREMIUM PROPOSITIONS WE HAVE EVER MADE.

OUTFIT NO. 1.—Consists of one best Stereoscope and 24 colored views, and will be given to those sending us $4.00 for ten subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger,' six of which must be absolutely new subscribers. For every subscription short of required number add 25c each.

OUTFIT NO. 2.—Consists of fifty views, and our best Stereoscope will be given for fifteen subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40c each, eight of which must be new.

These Stereoscopes must not be supposed to be the cheapest kind usually peddled in the country. The cheap kind was offered us also, but we knew our subscribers would appreciate the best. The difference in price is chiefly due to the superior lenses used.

We mail to any address in Canada or United States post paid.

CHILDREN OF THE BIBLE SERIES.

(By J. H. WILLARD.)

handsomely bound. These Bible Stories cannot fail to stimulate in young people a desire for a further knowledge of the Scriptures.

The language is within the comprehension of youthful readers. Each story is complete by itself. The books will make attractive holiday gifts.

For three or more absolutely new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40c each, one may select one of the following books, or the books will all be sent to the remitter of the club, if so directed.

'The Boy Who Obeyed'—The Story of Isaac.
'The Farmer'—The Story of Jacob.
'The Favorite Son'—The Story of Joseph.
'The Adopted Son'—The Story of Moses.
'The Boy General'—The Story of Joshua.
'The Boy at School'—The Story of Samuel.
'The Shepherd Boy'—The Story of David.
'The Boy Who Would be King' — The Story of Absalom.
'The Captive Boy'—The Story of Daniel.
'The Boy Jesus.'

REVERSIBLE SMYRNA RUG.

Size 2½ x 5 feet.

These Handsome Smyrna Rugs are made of the best wool dyed in fast colors and reversible, being same on both sides. They are of the popular size, 2½ x 5 feet, and are made up in Oriental Medallion and Floral Patterns. Great taste and harmony characterize the coloring. Having made a contract with the manufacturer to supply us with these Rugs at a very low price we are able to offer them on very reasonable terms. Though this Rug would be cheap at four dollars in any of the city carpet stores, we will give it away to any subscriber sending fourteen absolutely new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40c each. For every subscription short of the required number add 25c cash. That is, if the club raiser can only get ten at 40c, he will have to send one dollar extra.

The express charges will be collected of the receiver of the Rug by the Express Company, which can be ascertained as the weight being under eight pounds.

Each new subscriber will receive in addition a copy of our '1905 in Caricature,' being a selection of about a hundred and fifty of the best cartoons on the most important events of the year.

ONE-PIECE LACE CURTAIN

With Lambrequin Throwover.

This is the very latest thing in Lace Curtains and is a decided novelty, having a Lambrequin Throwover, the entire Curtain being woven in one piece. This Curtain is strongly made, having overlock edges, while the design is of a neat and dainty floral pattern.

This unique Curtain fits one window, being 4 yards long and 60 inches wide, divided down the centre. It will at once appeal to the housewife whose attempt at artistic arrangement has often proved an unsatisfactory and trying task. Simply throw the Lambrequin top over the pole facing it outward, drape back the sides and it is complete.

One pair of these Lambrequin Curtains will be given for a club of five absolutely new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40c each, post paid, to any address in Canada or the United States.

THE SWEET STORY OF OLD.

A LIFE OF CHRIST FOR CHILDREN.

This CHILD'S LIFE OF CHRIST, by Mr. Haskell, with an introduction by the Ven. Archdeacon Farrar, D.D., for children, and its many beautiful illustrations, makes a very attractive volume. The experience of many mothers has proved that even from earliest years, the heart of childhood is capable of being moved by the 'Sweet Story of Old.'

This book has 31 illustrations, six in colors, by artists who realize that the picture is as important as the printed page, and have made this part of the book an important feature. The book measures 5½x7½ inches, and is printed from large, clear type, on an extra good quality of paper. The cover is in cloth, beautifully decorated in gold and colors, with title on the side and back, making a very attractive looking book.

We will give a copy of this beautiful book post paid, for only three subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40c each.

NOTTINGHAM LACE BED SET.

Consisting of Three Pieces.

THIS VERY HANDSOME BEDROOM SET consists of one Lace Bed Spread, size 72 by 84 inches, and one pair of Lace Pillow Shams, each 34 by 34 inches. This Set is a reproduction from a real Nottingham design, overlook edges, with ribbon effect, and Fleur de Lys centre.

READ OUR VERY LIBERAL PROPOSITION.

The complete Set, consisting of Bed Spread and Two Pillow Shams, will be sent post paid, for only Ten New Yearly Subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger, at 40c each.

JUBILEE LETTERS.

Clandeboye, Man.

Gentlemen,—I take much pleasure in congratulating you upon the Diamond Jubilee of the 'Witness.' I have been a constant reader of its pages for more than forty-five years, and to-day it is a welcome guest at the manse. As a family paper it is without a rival in the Dominion. Its influence is refining and elevating. It aims at the physical, moral and spiritual well-being of its readers. It is the uncompromising foe of strong drink and tobacco and their concomitant evils. The great day alone will declare the good it has done. Long may it flourish and prosper with a larger sphere of usefulness. Sincerely yours,

(Rev.) N. McPHEE.

Shannonville, Ont.

Gentlemen,—I have much pleasure in seconding the congratulations you are receiving upon the occasion of the 'Witness' Diamond Jubilee. I have been a subscriber for either the 'Weekly' or 'Daily Witness' for about forty years, the 'Northern Messenger' several years, and an agent for nearly thirty years. The 'Witness' publications I consider the best that can be read in a Christian family, and I intend to be a subscriber for them as long as I can see to read, which may not be very long, as I have passed my eightieth mile stone.

A. B. RANDALL.

Plympton, Man., Jan. 17, 1906.

Gentlemen,—We have for quite a number of years taken the 'Messenger' in our school, and all are well pleased with it.

P. H. HUDSON,
Secretary-Treasurer.

Burlington, Ont., Jan. 11, 1906.

Dear Sirs,—I enclose one dollar as our subscription for the 'Weekly Witness' for 1906. We would not do without its visits for twice the amount. When the question what papers can we do without is mooted it is always taken as a matter of course that we cannot do without the weekly visits of the 'Witness.' Mr. Moyle always turns to the editorial deliverance on the various questions of the day, as he is sure the comments will be intelligent, broad and just. I turn instinctively to the Home Department(always sure each week of finding something to help and uplift as well as many valuable hints for home needs.. It was taken for many years in my father's home and I read and enjoyed it there thirty or forty years ago. When we set up our own home nearly twenty-four years ago, we took the 'Witness,' next to our denominational paper, as our first supply of reading matter. And it has been in our home ever since. When my son was ten years old he got the 'Country Storekeeper' for getting subscriptions for the 'Messenger' among his companions. So we well may wish such an old friend long life and prosperity. Yours very truly,

MRS. E. A. MOYLE.

Vine Lynne, Ottawa, Jan. 29.

Gentlemen,—In respect to your valuable publications, I have read the articles and news they contain off and on for a good many years; they have always been instructive to me, and I trust the 'Witness' will find itself, when its seventieth jubilee anniversary is reached, with the same health, strength, vigor and influence for good, only very much increased. Yours very truly,

O. H. LAMBART.

Moncton, N.B., Jan. 26.

Dear Sirs,—Enclosed please find express money order for my subscription to the 'Daily Witness.' I have been a reader of the 'Witness' for twenty-seven years, and have always found it upholding the right, and at all times denouncing the wrong, though its chief and most valuable attraction to my family has been its denunciation of intemperance and its strict adherence to prohibition, and also for its valuable 'Home Readings,' which are greatly appreciated, and which prove a great help to the Sabbath workers of my family. Our best wishes for the 'Witness,' and may it prove more effective in the future than in the past of doing a larger amount of good in the vicinities in which it finds a place, and may great success attend its circulation throughout the whole Dominion, and by its efforts hasten the day when prohibition shall find a resting place in this Canada of ours, and lead the world in the overthrowing of this great evil. I am, dear 'Witness,' sincerely yours.

JOHN JACKSON.

Valuable Premiums

Dear Friends

Our subscribers are delighted with our premiums this year—those who have secured them write most enthusiastically expressing surprise that we can give them away for so slight a service as the getting up of a small club. The smallness of the club compared with the intrinsic value of the premium is certainly surprising.

Those who have not yet asked others to join them in subscribing for the 'Messenger' should lose no time. Look over the list of premiums and start at once. The larger premiums are quickly earned when two or three members of a family share in the slight effort, and the best of it is that although we are glad to recognize such service by giving premiums to all those who secure clubs on the conditions explained under each premium, we know that everyone who knows the 'Northern Messenger' takes genuine satisfaction in extending its circulation and influence.

Our Diamond Jubilee.

This being the sixtieth year of our existence as a publishing house, we are hoping that each subscriber will introduce the 'Messenger' into one or more home, or to a Sunday-school superintendent for distribution in his school. We have already sixty thousand subscribers —say over a quarter of a million readers every week—the largest circulation of any family religious paper in the Dominion. There are nearly **three and a half million** copies of the 'Northern Messenger' printed every year, carrying cheer and encouragement to every home—and yet many families and Sunday-schools have, perhaps, not even heard of the 'Messenger.' The new comers in each locality are not known to us,

But You Know Them,

and we hope you will at least show them the 'Messenger' and tell them how good it is, and at how low a price they can obtain it. And if you will get their subscriptions and send us a club, so much the better for us all. Try to send us at least three subscriptions before another week passes. The price for one subscription is forty cents, but we accept one dollar in full payment for three subscriptions individually addressed, or two dollars for a club of ten to one address for Sunday School distribution. But see our premium offers and take advantage of them. We can heartily recommend them to you. We are working up to the point of a hundred thousand copies each week. We feel sure that you agree with us that the 'Northern Messenger' should be in every English-speaking home.

Yours sincerely,

JOHN DOUGALL & SON.

JUBILEE LETTERS.

Toronto, Jan. 30.

Dear Sirs,—In 1855, fifty-one years ago, I became a subscriber to the 'Witness.' I have taken it ever since, and have never felt that I could do without it. I have often spoken a word in its behalf, and so helped to extend its circulation. I am sure its high character has done more to give right tone to public morals than any other paper in our country. Now that the 'Witness' has reached the sixtieth year of its publication, I hope that it may enter on a still greater and wider sphere of usefulness. Very truly,

THE REV. A. B. SHERK.

Carillon, Que., Jan. 30.

Dear Sirs,—I wish to join with the readers of your excellent paper in congratulating you upon the celebration of your Diamond Jubilee. My father was one of the first subscribers to the 'Weekly Witness,' and it has been in our home ever since. We now could not keep house without it. One of the first copies was treasured in our home for years, and the picture of its founder was framed and hung in a place of honor in the old home. Wishing the 'Witness' Godspeed in its stand for truth and purity, I remain, yours sincerely,

AGNES R. TAYLOR.

Lanark, Ont., Jan. 24.

Dear Sirs,—I have been a reader of the 'Weekly Witness' for one year only. Now I am changing to the 'Daily Witness,' 'Northern Messenger' and 'World Wide,' and trust I will have the same pleasure in perusing them that I enjoyed in reading the weekly magazine. With others I join in congratulating you on your success as editors, printers and publishers. May your light as such continue to shine more and more into the perfect day. Yours cordially,

REV. R. W. KELLY.

Merrickville, Ont.

Dear Mr. Dougall,—It gives me pleasure to extend congratulations upon the Jubilee of the 'Witness.' For more than twenty years it has been a daily messenger to my home. I was led to subscribe for it because of its attitude on all great moral and social questions, especially the temperance question. In my judgment the 'Witness' is a vital force, making for truth and righteousness in the development of our country, and merits the loyal support of every citizen who has the highest interests of our country at heart. With best wishes, Yours very truly.

(REV.) F. A. READ.

St. John, N.B., Jan. 24.

Gentlemen,—I enclose my subscription for the 'Weekly Witness.' I will not take any but the 'Witness' this year. It is more than fifty years since I first read the 'Witness.' I remain, yours respectfully,

JAMES GAYNOR.

St. Paul's Manse, Simcoe Ont.

Dear Sirs,—Permit me to tender my congratulations to the 'Witness' on its Diamond Jubilee,' and to express my sincere desire that it may see more than another sixty years of enlarged usefulness and prosperity. I have been a reader of the 'Witness' from my youth, and to me it stands, in more respects than one, in the front rank of dailies. It is not merely local in its news columns, but every day it gives one a bird's eye view of what is going on the world over. For the busy man it excels in this. It is eminently independent, and fair in its discussion of all questions, political, religious, or otherwise; and its influence has always been on the side of what is morally clean and healthy. This is true not only in its editorials, but is manifest in its exclusion of remunerative advertisements that find their way into many other leading dailies. Especially in the cause of temperance the 'Witness' stands pre-eminent in the mighty influence it has exerted in moulding the sentiment of our nation. Some have expressed the wish that a daily could be run on the lines desired by Sheldon—that is, that its contents should be such as an enlightened Christian editor conscientiously believed would meet the approval of Christ. We have been glad to be able, publicly and privately, to point to the Montreal 'Witness' as a successful example of what was desired. May the 'Witness' ever sustain its past reputation and increase in power and prosperity. Yours sincerely,

W. J. GEY.